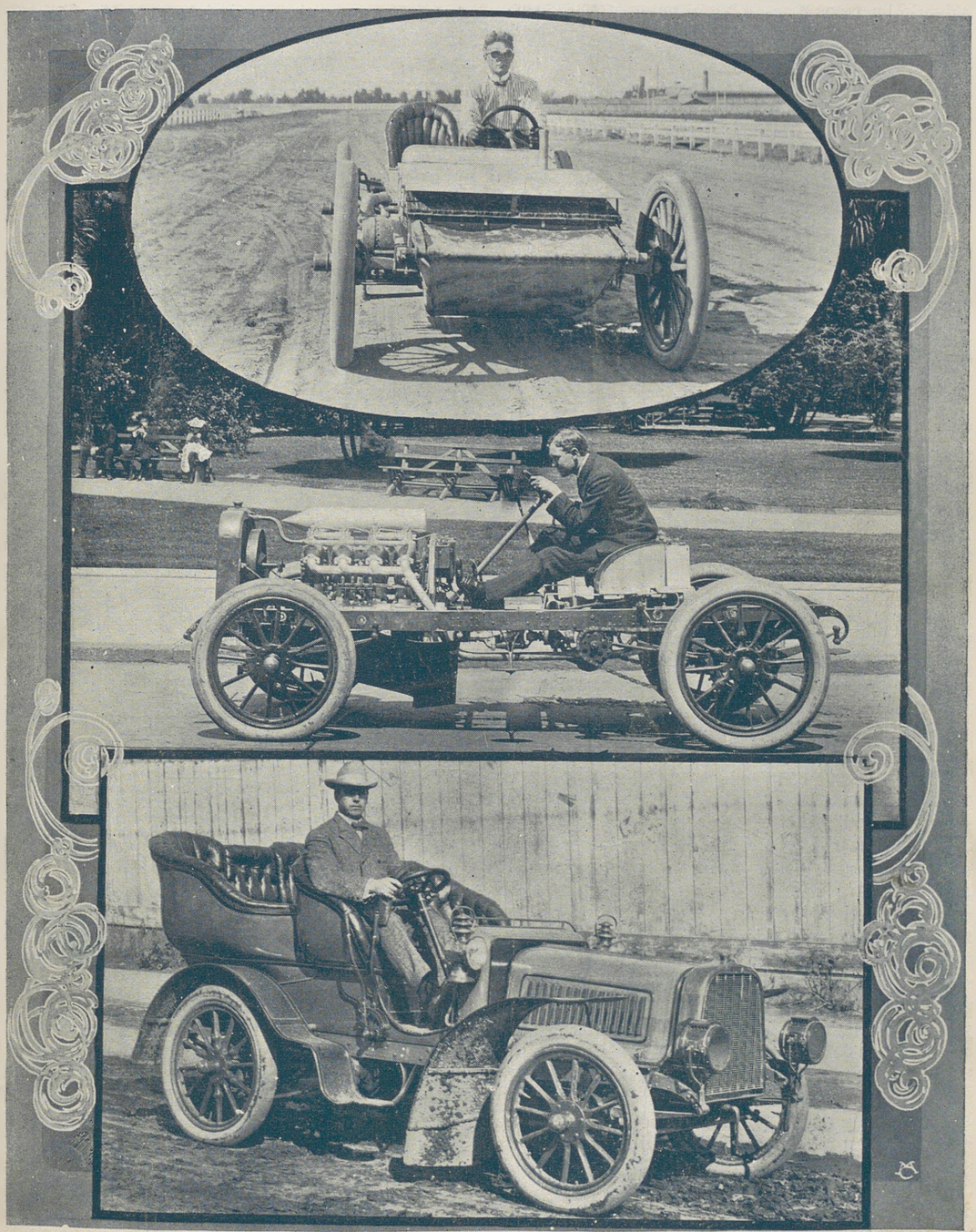
GRAPHIC

Vol. XXI. No. II *Los Angeles, Cal., October 15, 1904* *Price, 10 Cents*



PUBLIC LIBRARY
LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Ready for Next Week's Races.

In the upper picture is Frank Garbutt in his Stewart-Garbutt car, a home product; in the center is George P. Fuller, the daring and skilful San Francisco amateur, who will be seen at next week's races; in the lower picture is Herbert Cutler Brown, chairman of the racing board of the Automobile Club of Southern California.

GRAPHIC

Published every week at
123 Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal., by
THE GRAPHIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
R. H. Hay Chapman, Editor Winfield Scott, Mgr.
Home Phone 5354 Sunset James 7331

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE : : : : : : : : $2.50 Per Year
Single Copies, 10 cents.
Foreign subscriptions (countries in postal union) $3.50 a year.
Sample copies and advertising rates sent on application.
For sale by all news dealers.

Entered at the Post Office at Los Angeles, Cal., as Second Class Mail Matter.

THE GRAPHIC is mailed to subscribers every Thursday and should be received in this city and vicinity not later than Friday. Please report delays to this office.

Matters of Moment

The Political Outlook

The Prophets are not saying much about New York. The Professional Claimers—the Partisan Press—are as busy and as unreliable as ever. The Democrats count New York in their credit column—without the Empire State they are hopelessly beaten; the Republicans frankly put it in their doubtful column. Ex-Senator Stephen W. Dorsey, who had much to do with the politics of New York State in four presidential campaigns and who has lately taken a survey of the conditions, writes the **Graphic** the following prediction: "The Democrats will carry New York State for the state ticket by from 30 to 40,000, and Roosevelt will carry it from 60 to 75,000." Senator Dorsey admits that this is a remarkable conclusion and that some of his old associates think he is mistaken.

The Populist party is being overlooked in this campaign, but Thomas E. Watson is no cipher. Mr. Watson and his followers Stand for Something; they advocate the government ownership of railroads, a graduated income tax, and other radical, if visionary reforms. The crucible of November 8 will melt many thousands of Bryanites into the Populist column if they are true to their convictions. The Los Angeles Times laughs at Watson; it is apt to plaster its ponderous humor upon subjects of which it is profoundly ignorant. Its perpetual confusion of Socialism with its antithesis, Anarchy, is its most humorous effort. The Times talks of Watson's "sickly and egotistic twaddle" and the "little popguns used by his supporters." The Editor of the Times should inform himself of Watson's calibre by reading one of his three books which have attracted the international attention of Those who Read—"The Story of France," "Napoleon," or "The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson," the underlying text of which is the demonstration that, if the integrity of this Republic is to be preserved, a government of the whole people, instead of a government of the privileged few, must be formed. The Times might also be reminded that Thomas E. Watson, while in Congress eleven years ago, made himself the father of rural free delivery in the United States. Of course, Thomas E. Watson, at this juncture, has only a side show, but when the final pretense of the pseudo Democracy is swept away, Watson, Bryan and their adherents, and What they Stand for will have to be reckoned with. In the meantime, many Radicals, recognizing the waste of a vote for Watson, will prefer to help the election of Theodore Roosevelt, who has proved himself the Foe of Unjust Privilege for the Few. Alton Brooks Parker, whose nomination was secured by the trick of the Friends of Unjust Privilege, can expect nothing but blind or sentimental party fealty. In his letter of acceptance, Watson exposes the hypocrisy of the Democratic campaigners. Mr. Roosevelt, he says, "is not seeking the support of Bryan Democrats upon false pretenses. He is not playing a confidence game on the negro question. He is not attempting to win Jeffersonians by a sham adherence to Jeffersonian principles." . . . But Mr. Watson does not confine his field to criticism of his opponents and their policies. He has something to offer. He sees no reason why the reign of Unjust Privilege may not be brought to an end and declares that "Government instituted for public purposes has been prostituted to private purposes; and that is the true secret of most of our troubles." To remedy the "dangerous antagonism" between Capital and Labor he advocates a National Bureau of Arbitration, to have jurisdiction over all labor troubles. He recommends the Initiative and Referendum and is confident that "the imperative mandate and right of Recall would do a great deal toward keeping public officers faithful to trust."

Neither Mr. Watson nor his policies are to be sneezed at by the Times or anyone else. He is a big man of small stature. If there is any doubt of his bigness, read one of his books, or if that is too formidable a task, peruse Walter Wellman's appreciation of the man in the current issue of the Review of Reviews.

Wisdom tells this story: Age and jurisprudence are weighty in council; youth, energy and pugnacity are potent in battle. If an election be a council or a battle, be guided in season when you bet; and remember the Wall Street proverb, "The crawfish is a bird of passages, which knoweth how to fish and how to craw."—*Life.*

La Fiesta, 1905

The best advertisement that Los Angeles has ever received has been from its Fiestas. Thousands of men and women first heard of the City of the Angels by means of its unique celebration, the fame of which has sped beyond the seas. The beauties of La Fiesta de Flores are described from sea to sea and illustrated in transatlantic journals.

There should be no question whatever of the feasibility of another Fiesta next year, and if twice the required guarantee of $32,000 were needed, it should be forthcoming—as a profitable investment. Nevertheless the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association is correct in asking for such a guarantee in ample time. It must be secured within the next thirty days—by November 15. If half a dozen men like Jonathan S. Slauson start forth to secure the guarantee, it will speedily be realized. The merchants are also justified in their position that the burden should not fall entirely upon themselves, as has hitherto been the case. Every property-holder benefits by the celebration and every patriotic citizen should be ready to put his hand in his pocket.

But let us have a Fiesta that is a Fiesta and not

merely a floral parade. The distinctive features, the traditions of the celebration, should be preserved—all save the All Fools' Night, the pleasure of which is spoiled by All Night Fools. We should have a battle of flowers—and, if Jupiter Pluvius is propitious this winter, we **can** have—that will put the glories of the Riviera carnivals in the shade. And we need a Queen. Trivial objections were raised to dethrone La Reina, but she is the inspiration and most picturesque feature of the celebration. Her line should be perpetuated.

If you have not already subscribed to the Fiesta fund, send a check to the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association today.

Snyder is Suited

Nothing could have given Mayor Snyder and his supporters more satisfaction than the selection of S. A. Butler to head the Republican ticket in the coming municipal election. There is no doubt that Mr. Butler is an admirable gentleman and a thoroughly worthy citizen. The fact that he has spent his life in the service of corporations cannot reasonably be urged against him, nor has it been demonstrated in any convincing way that his selection was engineered by the agents of the public utility corporations. Those who know Mr. Butler are quite confident that if elected he would be nobody's tool, and it seems unfair to presume that the committee of one hundred representative Republicans allowed themselves to be "worked" by the corporations. The fact that Mr. Butler has been a valued employe of the Wells Fargo Express Co., and now of the Pacific Electric Company, merely demonstrates that he is an efficient man, probably competent to preside over the affairs of another corporation—the city of Los Angeles—IF he could be elected.

But unfortunately it is the honest and unprejudiced conviction of careful observers of municipal affairs, that Mr. Butler would have no chance whatever against Meredith P. Snyder. Mr. Butler is well known to the merchants of Los Angeles street and to that comparatively small section of the public that frequently transacts business with Wells Fargo & Co. Outside his commercial and social acquaintance he is unknown and politically is insignificant.

Mr. Butler, as far as known, has never paid any more attention to municipal affairs than to vote at elections. He has never been prominently identified with any public movement. Under these circumstances it would require a campaign of extraordinary vigor and a startling revelation of Mr. Butler's knowledge of, and interest in, municipal affairs to enable him to make any headway in a race against Snyder, whom, incidentally, very few people really know but whom almost everybody thinks he knows.

It is for this reason—that Mr. Butle is an **unknown** personality and an inappreciable quantity in the public eye—that the **Graphic** regards the committee's selection as ill-advised, and that we hope his candidacy will not be confirmed by the Republican city convention.

There was at least one man who could have given Snyder a race—City Attorney Mathews. The people know where he has stood on a number of trying questions during the past four years. Even the agents of the public utility corporations respect his knowledge, experience and judgment.

If the committee of one hundred were serious in their quest for a candidate who could win, how came it that Mr. Mathews was overlooked? If the Republican city convention is serious—and is not misled—in its intention to beat Snyder, it will not overlook the logical candidate, the man whose business has been the city's affairs for the last four years, who has proved himself at almost every juncture, conservative, scrupulously honest, and on the people's side, whenever the people were right.

Partisan nominations for officials to conduct the city's business are against all common sense. We want the right men, irrespective of the political beliefs concerning national affairs, to manage our municipal affairs. If the Republican city convention insists on Mr. Butler's nomination, Snyder's reelection is assured—unless citizens get together and organize their own convention and put a non-partisan ticket in the field, headed by a man, who, somebody at least believes, can beat the self-seeking and evasive incumbent.

Walter Melick's Example

It is often asserted that honesty and politics are incompatible. It is presumed that the man who enters upon a political career cannot retain the courage of his convictions. The active life of Walter S. Melick gave the lie to that bit of pessimism. Mr. Melick was a Christian, a newspaper-man, an office holder, a practical politician and a practical reformer. Ho could not be bribed, he could not be persuaded to do what he believed to be wrong, and he fought corruption and evil doing wherever he found it. He was loved by the friends of reform and respected by its enemies. As an officeholder he served faithfully the interests of the people, and it is a matter of record that he saved the State thousands of dollars by his unswerving stand for righteousness. He left the world too soon. Had he lived it cannot be doubted that the people would have shown their appreciation of his good qualities by electing him to some high office. For the people prefer to elect good men to office—when they can find them.

The queer notion prevails among "practical politicians" that "reformers" have no business to accept office. They seem to hold that a reformer must not put into operation the principles and reforms that he advocates. "It is all right for you to talk," they say, "but you must leave the rest to us. Why don't you attend to your own business and leave us alone?" And when a reformer does get a political position, he is at once accused of selfishness and of using the public as a cats-paw to pull his own chestnuts out of the fire.

This may be all right from the spoilsman's point of view, but where do the people come in? Would the nest of corruption in St. Louis have been uncovered if Circuit Attorney Folk had not been elected to office? Would the tax-eating machine in Wisconsin have been overthrown if La Follette had confined his work to sophomoric ebullitions? And if Deneen of Illinois had been sufficiently complacent, would he have been charged with being a selfish reformer and have been so bitterly fought by the machine in Illinois?

We need more practical reformers in office. We need more Walter Melicks, and we need them bad.

Character Sketches

XIII.

Samuel Travers Clover

The more intimate one's relations with a man, the harder task it is to attempt to diagnose his character—at least for the public eye. Friendship naturally interposes its prejudice in favor of my subject this week; but Samuel Travers Clover has borne with equanimity the assaults of unjust enemies and can therefore be expected to survive the criticism of a friend.

The editor of the Evening Express has not been here very long but he soon cut his wisdom teeth sufficiently to chew the rag of municipal politics and newspaper polemics. When Clover joined E. T. Earl in the publication of the Express some three years ago, that journal, which had fallen on evil days and had lately been delivered from the thraldom of the City Water Co., was not a very considerable factor in municipal politics. Today, no one will deny that Clover makes himself heard and frequently felt. He has a very pretty war on his hands just now, and is by no means worsted yet. His disposition is naturally adventurous, but there is sometimes a Restraining Hand which prevents his most ambitious blows.

Clover apparently was disposed to shake down peaceably into Los Angeles journalism after the stress of Chicago. For many moons he bore patiently the vulgar sneers and petty insults heaped on his personality by a morning contemporary. He answered not a word. It happened that the chief stockholder of the Express and the presiding bully of the Times were next door neighbors—and for that matter still are, although they no longer dwell together in brotherly unity. Eventually Mr. Earl and Gen. Otis had a serious falling out over their mutual back fence. The bone of contention was the city printing contract. At that juncture the proprietary cap on Clover's sting was removed, and ever since the editor of the Express has been a large sized and particularly prickly thorn in the anatomy of the editor of the Times. At least, the latter frequently roars like a wounded bull of Bashan, with a mighty smart terrier, kenneled too long and riotous in his release, barking and worrying at his heels.

Sam Clover has indeed proved himself a most gamey scrapper and nothing apparently delights him more than to take a rise out of the Bull of Bashan. With the persistence and celerity of a mosquito he lights on the Bull's most vulnerable parts and usually succeeds in arousing his wrath and his bellow. There is a good deal of mischief in "Sammy," which makes him an adept at this kind of newspaper guerilla warfare.

Clover is positive and sincere in everything he writes. He is truly prayerful that he may reveal to the Bull of Bashan the error of his ways. He has beseeched his enemy in plaintive terms to retire to his retreat at Hollywood for penitential treatment lest he be summoned to the Judgment Seat unprepared.

But of more importance than his belligerency is the fact that he has made the Express a reliable, interesting and well edited newspaper. That, after all, is the most vital function of a modern newspaper—to publish the news. Educated American readers of the twentieth century do not mould their opinions by the editorial page of any man's newspaper, however well-informed and however intelligent. Spleen is not allowed to shed its poison on the news columns of the Express, even if it is occasionally evidenced in the editorial columns. That is a lesson of true newspapermaking that its hostile morning contemporary has never learned and will, I fear, never subscribe to during its present editor's lifetime.

The English of the Express is pure but sometimes pedantic. Clover has the horrors at a split infinitive and a paragraph commencing with the definite article gives him the jim-jams. But this is only one of "Sam's" more amiable weaknesses. He can sling a very trenchant pen, and his own hand is responsible for the major portion of the Express's editorials. He is a great lover of books—he has written three or four himself and he is an adept at versification.

Clover deliberately chose his career and specially fitted himself for it by an adventurous tour around the world. At nineteen years of age he was publishing a small weekly in Chicago, "Echoes of the Board of Trade." He abandoned "Echoes" and applied to Frank B. Wilkie for a position on the Chicago Times. Wilkie found objection in his extremely youthful appearance—although today 45 years of age, he still looks in his twenties—and suggested that he should see more of the world before he tackled newspaperdom. The lad took him at his word, set forth with $50 in his pocket, and eighteen months later had literally followed Wilkie's advice for he had been round it. His tour redounded with hardship, adventure and romance—from cowboy to circus and from forecastle to 'ostler—but are they not recorded in "The Adventures of Paul Travers?" He served before the mast, and had he not still been fired by Wilkie's taunt, he might have followed the sea for life, obeying a strong hereditary instinct. Two of his uncles were merchant seamen, commanding ships in the Calcutta trade.

On his return to Chicago he realized his reportorial ambition and then went to Dakota to edit a country journal. Subsequently he made a remunerative newspaper deal in Sioux Falls, but returned to Dakota, to found with Hayden Carruth the Dakota Bell, which proved a brilliant literary success but a financial failure. Again he turned his steps to Chicago and readily found employment, being engaged as a special writer on the Chicago Herald. For that paper he accomplished notable service, which is duly recorded in his book "On Special Assignment," published about a year ago. He was through the Sitting Bull campaign in '90 to '91 and the following year found him in the Wyoming "rustler" war. In both campaigns he found all the adventure his adventurous soul craved and he made rattling good "copy" out of it.

From special writer on the Chicago Herald he was promoted to the managing editorship of the Post, where he remained for six years until ill health drove him to the coast, a step he has never regretted. During the editorship of the Post he made several short trips abroad and recorded his impressions in another volume called, "Glimpses Across the Sea."

His arduous duties on the Express do not prevent his pursuit of real literary achievement. He has

written a four-act historical drama which is now being "considered" by a New York manager, and now has "on the stocks" a new book with Los Angeles as a background.

I have evidenced his versatility in serious achievement. When at play he is just as versatile. At club jinks he will dance on his hands and perform other acrobatic stunts that speak wonders for the condition in which he keeps himself. He is never happier than when in the saddle unless it be when he prancing with his boys. He spent the first ten years of his life in England, until his parents migrated to Oregon. Some twenty years ago he married a niece of Congressman R. R. Hitt, a true helpmate. They have five children; the eldest daughter is a student at Stanford. The Clovers have a charming country home near Alhambra, known as "The Peppers," and there Sam with his books and his boys is supremely happy in his few off hours.

Some people do not yet take Sam Clover seriously. They will ultimately do so; he is a force to be reckoned with. Furthermore he is a loyal friend and the cheeriest of companions. If it were not so, I might have told you more. JUNIUS.

By The Way

Machine Plots.

One of the startling stories that is in circulation regarding the approaching city campaign is that the Republican machine—or at least an influential part of it—is secretly arranging to throw the control of the entire city government to the Democrats. Whether it is true or not can only be told when the votes are counted in December. My information is that the Machine, having taught the Times that it counts for nothing in political affairs, is determined to administer a similar lesson to the Express. Needless to say the Express, E. T. Earl and S. T. Clover are anathema with the influential elements in the Machine. The Express has, for two years or more, waged war against unrighteous corporation domination. The elements that are against newspaper interference resent its continual campaign against quasi-public corporations. The program, as I understand it, is to force the nomination of S. A. Butler and ask the Express what it is "going to do about it." Apparently, Butler is to be sacrified on the Snyderian altar, and it is unfortunate that so good a man as Butler should have been selected for the shambles. But the scheme is said to go further, including the election of Democratic councilmen in the Second, Third, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth wards, and possibly the First. That will give a majority in the council, and the Democracy will have "the works." Conditions are shaping up for a consummation of this deal. Skilling, Republican, is after re-nomination to the council in the Second Ward, but has cut adrift from his former connections and will have a hard row to hoe. Percy Hammon has the machine backing and George McLain is making a rapid personal fight. The Democrats believe that James A. Craig, former police commissioner, could win this ward. The Second is a hard ward to program and the Democratic scheme will succeed, probably, if McLain or Skilling is named and certainly if Hammon is put up. The Democrats have a strong candidate in the Third in the person of Cal Foy. No man can tell what the Sixth Ward will do. Dr. Houghton will not be named by the Democrats, but a strong man will be. The Republican candidate has not developed. The Seventh presents similar conditions, although it will "program" whereas the Sixth will not. The Eighth is surely Democratic. Such is the scheme that has been evolved to teach the Express "business."

"Yesterday, the plaything of the few;
Today, the servant of many;
Tomorrow, the necessity of humanity."

Democratic Ambitions.

The contest between Mayor Snyder and Councilman Kern for the Democratic mayoralty nomination is not only a fight for that, but a struggle for the leadership of the local Democracy between Isidore Dockweiler and John W. Mitchell. Izzy has hopes of being the Democratic nominee for governor if he can destroy Snyder politically at this convention, while Mitchell, if Snyder lands, will continue to act as his political advisor.

Professional Service.

Dockweiler was retained by the Hooks at the time of the freight franchise controversy to secure Snyder's influence in vetoing that measure. The fee paid was $1,000, as reported by the man who paid it to Dockweiler, and as not denied by that gentleman. The transaction was, of course, perfectly proper, or Mr. Dockweiler would not have acted, but it serves to illustrate a point once emphasized by the noted Colonel Brady, who was a San Francisco assemblyman two sessions ago. In the senate and assembly were a number of attorneys who were retained—as attorneys, of course—to watch over the interests of certain bills. There was no secret about it and no censure was expressed at members combining to their profit the profession of lawyers and that of legislators. The Colonel had not been "retained" in his private capacity by anyone, and the session was drawing to a close. "Say," he said, one day to "Blinker" Murphy, "the next time I comes up here I brings a lawyer's certificate. I'm going to get some of our judges to admit me to the bar, and when I sit here as an assemblyman and wants the graft, I takes it as a retaining fee. See? You fellows don't do any shouting in the papers when one of us who is a lawyer takes up some bum bill and puts it through, but you start your goll-durned cartoons on graft if an honest politician who ain't a lawyer, takes a piece of money when he acts as an agent." Colonel Brady's philosophy is not altogether amiss.

Vale, Werdin!

The case of the Municipal League against Mr. Werdin, our street mal-superintendent, begins to take on the proportions of a large and perfectly developed cinch. I have said all along that he was going to be nominated at the coming Republican city convention, my reasons being—first, that there was no strong candidate up against him, and, second, that he had behind him all the force of the contractors and his horde of employes. Well, I am beginning to doubt my own predictions. After all,

the people do count for something, even in a convention, and Werdin is a little too bad for even the average delegate. More than half the delegates will be taxpayers, and how any man who pays taxes can vote for a street superintendent that has more than doubled our expenses in two years—and given us less for our money than we ever had before—is a mystery. I had a long talk a few days ago with one of his most intimate friends and ardent supporters. He was begging me to "come off" and let "Erney," as he called him, alone. "He is not the bad fellow you think," said he. "I know he is good-hearted and means well. It is true that he loses his temper easily, and then makes a holy show of himself, but that is his worst fault and one he honestly tries to correct. He has spent a great deal of money, but we that are close to him know that is not so much his fault as the fault of the council, particularly the councilman from the Ninth Ward." I asked him if he thought Werdin could be elected with the taxpayers and the commercial bodies and the Municipal League and with every influential newspaper in the city against him, and he admitted that it was quite impossible. "We all understand that Erney cannot be elected," he said, "but we want to get him the nomination as a sort of a vindication of these charges." It struck me that it was rather a dear price for the party to pay, even if he were entitled to the aforesaid vindication—but is he?—that is the question.

A Wastrel.

The Express, which is leading the fight against this wastrel, calls attention to the astonishing increase in the street department expenditures in the past two years. Going back to 1900-1901, to get a fair start, we have a total of $170,000 for this department. That year was one-half John Drain and one-half McGuire. The next year, 1901-1902, the total was $203,000. That was wholly McGuire There was, however, an item of $17,000 sewer expense charged to the department that year, which being subtracted, leaves a total of $186,000. The next year is half McGuire and half Werdin, and it jumps to a total of $272,000. Now comes 1903-1904, Werdin all by himself, and we get the awful figure that has paralyzed taxpayers and good citizens everywhere—$410,000. As this was $90,000 in excess of the sum allowed him by the council for that year, and as he has put in an estimate for $408,000 this year, it is safe to assume that his expenses for this year will aggregate half a million. Evidence of next year's increase is given in the addition to the number of laborers which he is making for political purposes as the campaign advances. In May of this year he had 364 laborers, June 403, July 426, August 450, September 476. There have been no rains and no extraordinary expenses of any kind to justify this increase, other than the need for men to do politics.

Civil Service Lessons.

The civil service axe came down last Saturday with a clean, effective stroke across the cervical vertebrae of Mr. Hayhurst of the Street Department, and now there is a vacancy to be filled among the night inspectorships. Report has it that Mr. Hayhurst and his attorney, Walter Haas, and his friends and political associates, were greatly astonished at this result. It seems to be gradually dawning upon the people who think that public office is a private snap that the civil service amendment to the city charter actually means something. Heretofore it has been regarded rather in the light of a joke, as a "sissy proposition," intended for the edification of the gallery, but not adapted to practical affairs. This little episode will prove something of an eye-opener—and unless I am greatly mistaken, there are more to follow. The civil service system presents to the public three lessons which are to be learned seriatim, with a considerable space of time between. Lesson One: Politicians cannot appoint their friends to jobs. Lesson Two: Holders of public positions cannot put in their time doing politics. Lesson Three: Employes of the city must be faithful and efficient if they are to hold their positions. Lesson number one was learned a year or so ago. It was diverting to behold the horror and disgust of some of the more ignorant politicians and officeholders when they discovered that the old regime had come to an end. They had heard of civil service, but had really no idea of what it meant. Mr. Werdin was one of this type, and he went right on appointing deputies without examination until, after repeated warnings by the Commission, he was compelled to pay the salary of some of his people "out of his own pocket." Lesson number two is now being presented to the class with a few illustrations. Very little attempt has been made as yet to develop Lesson number three, but that will come within the next year and will be accompanied with great weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. In the meantime, we lift our hat respectfully to the Civil Service Commission. The attempted bullying of The Times beforehand, and its sneers after the decision "never touched 'em."

Of late the Del Monte restaurant has been selected as the place for holding banquets and dinners of mercantile men. The Associated Press recently gave a dinner in this well-known restaurant, and following closely afterward came the lunch of the Realty Board last Thursday, and the dinner of the Conservative Life Insurance Company. The life insurance banquet was more of a formal nature than the others, covers being laid for seventy-five. Men active in business life generally know where to go for the best in the market, prepared and served with taste.

Bulla-Lawler Polemics.

I was privileged to see the "caustic verbiage" that passed last week between Oscar Lawler, the adolescent Hotspur of the Brickmaking brigade, and ex-Senator Robert N. Bulla, the experienced pacificator. Lawler, in somewhat involved legal language, accused Bulla of spreading a false report that the Flint machine had traded its mayoralty support for Democratic votes at the August primaries. By the ordinary paths of circumlocution, so dear to the legal mind and also dear for their clients, Mr. Lawler conveyed the impression that Senator Bulla had transgressed the verities. In reply to this "courteous (?)" missive Senator Bulla denied the allegation and defied the alligator, adding the pulverizing question by what right Mr. Lawler constituted himself the representative mouthpiece of the Republican party in this neck of the woods. I have not heard that Mr. Lawler has again taken up his doughty typewriter to hurl a demurrer to Mr. Bulla's exceptions, but so far it seems to me that the ex-senator has the better of the argument.

Lindley's Logic.

An interesting feature of the Republican campaign is Dr. Walter Lindley. Dr. Lindley was a candidate for some months, until he saw the great light, as flashed by Billy Dunn and the "brick-makers." Then the doctor drew out. At the meeting of the Butler committee, the doctor has been vociferous in insisting that Butler must make the race, and that "we will get behind him and elect him." But how about that speech Dr. Lindley made when he introduced Mayor Snyder to the Odd Fellows' session at Elks' Hall? Did not the doctor say that Mayor Snyder was about to enter on a fourth term as mayor of Los Angeles? That Los Angeles could not exist without Snyder's services as mayor? That the city would be in a deplorable condition when Snyder was elected governor of the state? Doctor! Doctor! I doubt if even Tyndall could read your political mind. He would have to be tremendously quick about it.

"Jack, eating rotten cheese, did say,
'Like Samson, I my thousands slay.'
'I vow,' quoth Roger, 'so you do,
And with the self-same weapon too.'"
—*Anecdotes and Wit. 1825.*

Councilmen's Pay.

If it is true that absence makes the heart grow fonder, the people of the city should by this time be deeply enamored of their present council, as from two to four members are absent about every meeting. I do not believe there have been two meetings since the first of July in which all nine participated, nor five meetings in which were seven or more. Repeatedly the rump of four or five has gathered and waited in vain for a quorum. The worst delinquent in the lot is Todd of the Eighth, who since he has become a lawyer attends council when he has time to spare. McAleer was always a faithful attendant, but he has been out of the city six weeks. Bowen's absences have been due partly to Snyder's trips out of town—which have been frequent during the past year—and partly to his bad health. A second-warder named Joseph Phillis, brought in a charter amendment which he vainly sought to have presented to the people, in which the pay of councilmen was graduated according to their attendance at meetings. Councilmen now receive $100 a month. Their regular meetings are once a week, with extra sessions averaging about once a month. Their schedule time, for gathering is 10 a. m., but they rarely come together until about 11. Adjourning a little before noon, they meet again at 2:30 or 3 p. m., and usually have concluded their labors by 4 or 4:30. Committee work takes part of one afternoon in the week, except in the case of the Board of Public Works, whose members give at least one full day to the work. At a rough guess I should say if the city were to pay $10 a meeting to each councilman in attendance, counting only regular sessions of the whole body and of important committees, it would save considerable money as against the salary account. That method is adopted in many cities. I do not believe, however, that any change should be made in the matter of compensation until the proposed amendment for a Board of Public Works is adopted and the new scheme goes into effect. This will remove a large part of the detail work now carried on by the council, and I hope may make it practicable to abolish the salary of councilmen entirely.

Walter Melick.

If Walter Melick's kindly soul has had the opportunity to hear what both friend and foe have united to saying, as a tribute to his unstained character, he will be surprised to realize what a magnificently good man he was. No one I have ever known was less an egotist. Walter Melick combined a lovely modesty, with the courage of self-reliance. No youth entering public life could have a better example to study than the career of Walter Melick. Melick always hewed to the line, and if the swinging of his axe and the flying splinters inflicted wounds and knocked out ambitions it was not through malice, but because of **the line.** I have known him under the most exasperating circumstances, and I firmly believe that at no time has his heart known guile, or malice. He was just about as good as it is well for a man to be. Melick was not of the kind who believe that they never make mistakes. He did make them and had the sense and courage to recognize the fact. If he had believed he was as close to perfection in character as he really was, he would not have been so widely and sincerely loved. He thought more of others than himself, and he was slow to think evil of any, but was keen enough to seldom accept any spurious friends. It was a privilege to have known Melick, for all, he was an American gentleman.

Early Wagers.

Ellis Cohen will open the betting books on the political campaign Saturday. Here is what the cognoscenti are willing to wager: 3 1-2 to 1 on Roosevelt; 100 to 80 that Roosevelt carries New York by 15,000; 2 to 1 that Snyder will be nominated and re-elected.

Wolf and Stork.

Frank Hicks was delivered of an epigram the other day at the Country Club which is still being whispered about at bridge, and over tea cups, with giggles and more. A number of men at the club were spending their surplus change for refreshment and at the same time complaining about their poverty and how difficult it is nowadays for an honest real estate man to make a fortune. "It's dead easy to keep the wolf from the door," interrupted Frank Hicks, "but the hard work comes in keeping the stork away from the chimney."

Religious Scruples.

At two or three of the dry goods stores in this city are to be seen lace curtains made at "Elijah" Dowie's lace works outside of Chicago, the alleged "Zion" of today. Dowie came up from Sydney to San Francisco in January, 1889 on the old Alameda of the Spreckels line, commanded by the emaciated Captain Morse. He had a room down stairs in the waist of the ship and kept pretty much to himself. The ship was only about five days out when the story got hinted about that, though he was a clergyman, he had run off from England with another man's wife. On the Sunday following the ship's departure from Auckland, Capt. Morse announced there would be divine service in the music room at 11:30. He merely asked Dowie to read the common prayer book service of the Episcopal church and Dowie complied. Morse thought it would be wrong to venture a sermon, as there were several

Jews and a good many Catholics among the passengers. So Dowie did just as he was asked. The old skipper came in and brought along all the officers and men who were off watch. Mrs. Dobson, wife of the Chief Justice of Tasmania, with several other ladies, furnished some very agreeable music, and everything passed off well till the end, when Capt. Morse went out on deck and found several ladies who had not attended service.

"Why didn't ye come into the service?" he asked. "Why, how could you expect us to come in and sit down there to listen to that scandalous old hypocrite. You know what he did?" asked one of the ladies. "He ran away from the old country with another man's wife." "Well, s'posin' he did," growled Morse, " he didn't preach no sermon nor offer any ideas of his own. He merely gave the English church service, just as it was printed; that's all."

"Yes, but we couldn't ever stand for that," said one of the ladies.

"Well," began Morse, "you b'leeve in the Bible, don't ye?"

"Yes, of course."

"You believe in the word of God, eh?"

"Certainly, of course we do," chimed the ladies.

"Well, then, if you b'leeve in the Bible and think it's the word of God, what the h——l difference does it make whether you get it through a fog-horn or a speakin' trumpet?"

Schneider & Fieber, the lessees of the basement under the new H. W. Hellman building, expect to open their big restaurant there some time before the middle of the month. This restaurant will be equipped in a manner to conform with the magnificent solidity of the H. W. Hellman building. Arrangements have already been made with Adloff & Hauerwaas by which the Wieland beer will be kept on draught.

Holabird's Hog.

I never saw W. H. Holabird look tee-to-tally disgusted until the other day. He boarded a car at Broadway bound out First street for Westlake Park. It was near the dinner hour and the car was crowded except one double seat. Mr. Holabird started for the vacant chair, but was anticipated by a young woman who pre-empted the space, spread her ample skirts, and seemed determined to reserve the whole space for herself. She was apparently of the newly rich order, with good clothes, a gallon or so of perfumery, and I venture the assertion that she had a wad of chewing gum concealed somewhere about her person. Also she had an air which said as plainly as though she had spoken the words: "I am too good to ride in an ordinary street car with the common herd, and I don't do it very often. Please keep away as you might contaminate me." Poor Holabird, unsuspicious man, saw nothing except that there was a vacant seat. Ranging longside, he stood politely waiting for the young woman to "move over" and allow him to sit down. Nothing doing; she didn't budge. On the contrary, she spread her skirts a little more amply, and gazed into vacancy with an air which indicated that she felt insulted that anyone should presume to sit beside HER, even though it was in a public conveyance. Mr. Holabird stood there for ten seconds or so, but as the "lady" did not move, he removed himself to the rear of the car, muttering something which sounded like "hog." That was Mr. Holabird's second error; he mistook the sex.

Press Club Dinner.

The Press Club dinner has been postponed to next Monday at 6 p. m. at Levy's. Mayor Snyder and Mr. Butler, tentative rivals for the multifluous title of "hizzoner," will both be present, and a hair-curling program has been arranged for the occasion. It is only once in a while that the newspaper gang has an opportunity to get even with aspiring politicians, and certainly they will make the most of this one.

Women's Parliament.

Today it is the popular thing to belong to the Women's Parliament, writes my club correspondent. This was not altogether the case thirteen years ago. Women who were in club life in this city at that time will remember that the parliament was started by a few fearless souls who could see farther ahead than their sisters, and were not concerned about the various predictions that such a movement must end in disaster. Mrs. D. G. Stephens originated the idea. Mrs. Stephens is a woman of remarkable ability, and Los Angeles is indebted to her for pioneer work along more than one line of woman's endeavor. She was one of the founders of the Los Angeles Orphans' Home, undertaking with a few other women to provide for the few homeless orphans then to be found in the city, and I know not how many other enterprises for the good of humanity she has assisted in establishing. About thirteen years ago it occurred to Mrs. Stephens that women who are engaged in different lines, should know each other, and exchange ideas that might be helpful to all. "But think," said somebody, "if you let in all classes you will lower the standard of club life in Southern California!" "If we set our minds on uplifting others, the tendency will be upward, and there will be no time for the lowering process," replied Mrs. Stephens. Besides, this broad-minded woman suggested that part of the uplift might come from unexpected sources, and so has it proved. Of all the women's organizations on the coast, there is nothing, outside the State Federation of Clubs, that is doing for women as much as the Parliament. Indeed, considering that the latter has the smaller scope of territory, it is a much broader organization than the former, for the Federation limits its membership to clubs of a certain class, while the Parliament takes in all clubs and societies of women. After the formation of the Federation, which is younger by a number of years than the Parliament, certain members of both sought diligently to have the two combine, and I remember that Mrs. Kate Tupper Galpin, among others, spoke eloquently upon the advantage that would accrue from merging the Parliament into the Federation. Women who belonged to clubs that would be excluded by such an arrangement, contested with all their combined strength the effort to obliterate their beloved Parliament, and those who recall incidents of the fight

will remember that Mrs. Charles Flint of the Ebell Club stood staunchly for the Parliament and what it represents. Mrs. Flint was not working in the interests of her own club, for the Ebell was then, as now, a member of the Federation, and in fact it was the Ebell that provided an organizer and first president for that body, Mrs. Robert J. Burdette having taken the initiative in the formation of the Federation, calling a meeting for its formation in the Ebell club house. Mrs. Flint, however, saw the need of support for the Parliament from some one who could champion its cause without the appearance of a selfish motive, and the speech she made in favor of keeping it separate from the Federation, will long be remembered by those who listened. A victory for the Parliament was won, and since then it has been growing in popularity and in membership as well. Any club woman is proud to belong, and none is so obscure as to feel that she is not welcome. It is the broadest movement in connection with women's club life in Southern California that has been made, and the session held this week in the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles was evidence conclusive that the Parliament is wanted, for the attendance never before had been so large. Mrs. Jefferson D. Gibbs, the president, covered herself with glory. She is a graceful presiding officer and well liked by the club women.

Editing a newspaper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-brained. If we don't, we are fossils. If we publish original matter, they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections, they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church, we are heathens. If we do go, we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office, we ought to be out looking for news items. If we go out, then we are not attending to business. If we wear old clothes, they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes, they say we have a pull. Now, what are we to do? Just as likely as not some one will say that we stole this from an exchange. So we did. It's from the *Wyoming Derrick.*—*Dillon (Wyo.) Doublejack.*

Convention's Savior.

Mrs. Mary Sperry, President of the California Women Suffrage Association, won the hearts of her fellow suffragists while she was here to conduct the state convention. But, truth to tell, it was not as a result of her leadership as a presiding officer. Probably Mrs. Sperry would not object to having the secret given away, for I believe she has never tried to conceal the fact that she is not a parliamentarian. The only wonder, so far as I can see, is that she appears so prominently as an advocate of equal suffrage, for Mrs. Sperry is of the gentle, unobtrusive sort that generally think the average man is able and ready to do all things well for the women of his own household. The state president smiled in helpless confusion once or twice, when a storm of motions, counter motions, points of order and other complicated parliamentary questions faced her, but there was at hand an able helper ready to straighten out all difficulties. This was Miss Gail Laughlin, she of the broad ideas concerning women's rights and women's fashions. Miss Laughlin is a character study worthy the attention of an earnest student. She wastes no time on the frivolities of dress, and her costumes resemble as much as they may, those worn by men, although they are at the same time correct from a woman's standpoint. One ring adorns her shapely left hand, and that is worn on the little finger. A horrid man reporter, at the time of the convention, likened Miss Laughlin's voice to the sound of a phonograph, but he said a few pleasant things about the capable New York lawyer at the same time. And they were merited. It is not easy to dislike a woman of Miss Gail Laughlin's type, even if she is unusual in believing in equal suffrage more than in anything else. She was the salvation of the convention in more instances than one, and her practical knowledge of parliamentary usage, taken in conjunction with the broadness of her mind, and the sweetness of her disposition, made the other women like her in spite of themselves. Miss Laughlin is national organizer for the Equal Rights Association, and probably is doing more for the advancement of the cause today, than any other one women.

The dessert was floating island. When it appeared with its yellow showing through its foaming whiteness, mother asked: "Will you have some, Edna?"

"Please, none of the yellow, mother; but I'd just love a whole lot of the ruching," replied Edna.—*Washington Star.*

Home Before Club.

I see that Mrs. Robert J. Burdette is still firm in her decision to place the claims of her home before those of women's club life, and it seems that she has received more honor for the position she has taken than she would have gained had she held out for the highest office within the gift of the clubs. Mrs. Burdette, it will be remembered, was mentioned prominently for the presidency of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, but before the last session of that body, declared her intention of refusing the candidacy if offered to her, on the ground that her home demanded first consideration. At the meeting of the Women's Parliament this week, she said that not a regret had followed her decision. There is no disposition on the part of Mrs. Burdette to decry the women's club movement, I believe, but she holds that the broadening of a woman's intellectual horizon should be the means of making her a more capable homemaker, and such advancement as would tend to lead her away from this idea, is decidedly in the wrong direction. Mrs. Jefferson Gibbs, president of the Parliament, paid a pretty compliment to Mrs. Burdette, when, in speaking about the Federation president incident, she called her "The woman who would 'rather be right than president'."

My New Studio

Occupying the entire top floorat 338 S. Broadway will be equipped and opened about November first - - - - - -

Steckel

Present Studio, 220 1-2 South Spring

Santa Barbara's Boreas.

The ructions in Santa Barbara's 400 to which I referred two weeks ago have by no means been quelled. The man who is certain he has been cruelly maligned by idle or wilful gossip is still determined to make it hot for his traducers. But a rare diplomat, who spends his time between San Francisco and Santa Barbara, and in whom every clubman has confidence, has taken the affair in hand, consenting to act as referee. He is so sanguine that it is all a horrible mistake that he believes he will easily restore the Santa Barbarians' ruffled peace, and that eventually the traducer and the traduced will shake hands in the Santa Barbara club. The unfortunate affair started by someone's purporting to give reasons why the aggrieved one was "turned down" at a prominent club in this state. Of course, this must have been idle gossip, as club directors or membership committees are not in the habit of violating decency by giving out reasons why candidates are not considered eligible. This particular rumpus has aroused the wrath of some of the most influential and richest men in California, and if the referee succeeds in his amicable adjustment an unpleasant chapter of gossip will be decently interred. If not —look out for trouble.

"Explanationing."

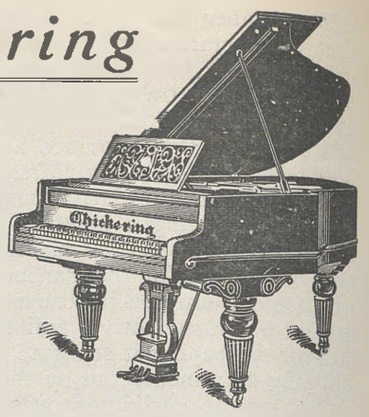
Traveling Pico Heightsward the other day I overheard the following obscure narration: "Good Lord, sir, it was only by a combination of the most extraordinary deviations of centrifugal force and the most perverse vagaries of Madame Fortune. It defied all the preconceived theorems of calculus. At No. 2 his drive was periculously perpendicular and the spheroid only escape immersion in the oleaginous barranca by an inexplicable elliptical curve. At No. 7 by all the laws known to mathematicians and students of the Archimedean circle he should have been in a bottomless pit but he escaped the yawning chasm of Avernus by a parabola, which, you will remember—I learned it in the University of Virginia—is a conic section formed by the intersection of the cone with a plane parallel to one side. I have given up gin for paregoric. His Rigby seemed to have absorbed some diabolic paramagnetic influence, for at No. 10 the spherule performed both parabolic and synchronized curves and violated all the laws of hydrostatics by a spiral ascension, eventually been laid up dead." This was too much! I shook myself from my snooze to find that it was only one golfer explaining to another how he had been beaten.

Oh, Fairbanks!

"Two or three years ago the man who won the golf championship of California was a grandfather." Thus saith the Toronto Star in an appreciative editorial concerning the prowess of George S. Lyon, the Canadian, in winning the amateur "championship of the world," at St. Louis last month. Poor Fairbanks! This does Fame run its riotous course!

Chickering

Pianos



ARE THE

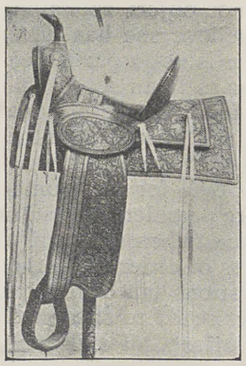
World's Standards of Tone

They occupy the most exalted position in the Musical World to-day—**For Eighty-one years they have been leaders in Pianodom**—Do you not think then, that a **Chickering** is the Piano to own? Allow us, please, the privilege of showing these superb creations before you purchase—They may be purchased on Easy Monthly Payments if you desire.

Southern California Music Co.

Sole Agents **332-334 S. Broadway**

Samuel C. Foy



Saddlery and Harness

Horse Blankets, Whips, Lap Robes, Silver Inlaid Spanish Bits and Spurs

TELEPHONE 2724

315 N. Los Angeles St. Los Angeles, Cal.

Sports REDONDO HOTEL Sports

Wednesday Evenings--Dinner and Theatricals
Saturday Evenings--Parties

Some years ago we christened Walter Fairbanks "Foxy Grandpa," because of his patriarchal beard and his guilesome golf. But "Foxy Grandpa" Fairbanks has been a bachelor for nearly three score years. Canadian papers, please copy!

"The Bishop of Broadway."

Tom Garrett, the publisher of the San Francisco Post, was in Los Angeles for two hours only last Sunday. "The Bishop of Broadway," as he was dubbed when he was editing the Record here a few years ago and used to make the Rialto hum with his boulevard stories, made a flying trip to consult his guide, philosopher and partner, Guy Barham. I had almost added "friend"—and Guy certainly is—but Garrett has a theory that a newspaperman cannot afford friends. The portly "Bishop" is waging a savage war in the columns of the Post against civic unrighteousness and his many enemies are hunting his scalp. He was brutally assaulted in the streets of San Francisco two years ago, but he philosophically regarded his wounds as a good advertisement. He has been vilely maligned in an infamous sheet by one of the political heelers whom he had exposed and discomfited. Today life insurance men regard Tom Garrett as a mighty poor risk, but I am satisfied that although he is a wide mark, he can take care of himself. Since Garrett took hold of the moribund Post, he has revivified it, and today it is full of spunk. His friends bought the paper for him for $25,000 and I am told he refused six times that sum a short time ago. All kinds of rumors had drifted down here concerning "the Bishop"; that he was sick unto death; that he was about to join the Roman Catholic Church, and a dozen other canards. I am glad to know that he can still dispose of a large porterhouse steak in a very few minutes; that his Johnsonian discourse is still as massive as of yore, and that he is doing valiant work in laying bare the rottenness and corruption of union-ridden San Francisco graft.

The Cheekiest Man.

If I were asked to name the cheekiest man in Los Angeles I would tell the following story: A certain individual applied for and received a pass to go east over the Santa Fe road. He started about the time of the floods and washouts in Arizona and New Mexico, and when he got as far as Las Vegas a string of lost bridges delayed the train for thirty-six hours. The railroad company issued tickets for meals to the passengers who had paid their fares. Presently a raucous roar issued from one of the smoking compartments. The holder of the pass was kicking because the conductor would not give him a free pass to the "diner." But he had to pay, and I am told he ate very heartily. I would suggest to the accommodating Mr. Byrne that he attach meal ticket coupons to all passes issued in future.

Return of the Riflemen.

Los Angeles riflemen have every reason to be proud of the rifle experts who went to New York and Europe some months ago. Headed by John Hauerwaas, these experts met the best in the shooting fests around New York, and several gold medals were won, a handsome trophy falling to John Hauerwaas's steady eye. In Germany, the Los Angeles contingent fared still better, for in the words of Claude Black, "The New Yorkers had most of us, except Hauerwaas, beaten to death, but we had it on the experts of the old country. The Germans in Germany cannot shoot with the Germans in America." A detailed account of what was won by this party of rifle experts is expected when Mr. Hauerwaas returns, and he has sent word that the duck season, which opens Saturday, will find him on the marshes.

Burdettesque.

I heard a good one on "Bob"—excuse me, the Reverend Robert J. Budette—the other day. It was in the old times when Robert was getting up a funny column and scissoring miscellany for the Burlington Hawkeye. He had a small son, the same whom he called "Prince" in those days, and the latter frequently used to accompany his jestful parent to the Hawkeye office. Upon one of these occasions a friend happened in and espying the youngster, gave him a silver dime, which the boy promptly placed in his mouth.

"I would not do that," said the visitor. "I am afraid you will swallow the coin."

"Yes," said Robert, whose presence of mind never deserts him, "and if you swallow it, it won't pass."

"The Hellman Building."

Herman W. Hellman has, I am informed, requested the tenants of his splendid building at Fourth and Spring streets to refer to the edifice not as the Hellman building, but as the Herman W. Hellman building. I fear Mr. Hellman's wishes in this respect will not be regarded—at least, by the

"THE RELIABLE STORE"
"The Purest California Wines"
Port, Sherry, Angelica, Muscat, Cataba and Other Sweet Native Wines, 75c, $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50 and $3 per gallon, according to age.
Main 332 Home Pri. Ex. 16 **SO. CAL. WINE CO.** 220 West Fourth Street

Fitzgerald, Black & Co.

Eastern Races by Wire

All Tracks Where Racing is in Progress.

Commissions Accepted

121 W. First St Home Phone Sunset Main 572

End of Central Ave. Car Line

Take Vernon Car Second and Spring Sts.

populace. Until his brother, Isaias, who, by the way, was in the city this week, builds a finer building than Herman's, we shall all call it The Hellman building. H. W. is first in the field and the long-promised additions and improvements to the I. W. building at Second and Broadway are still in the architect's office. The Herman W. Hellman building is certainly a splendid edifice, and a rare monument to H. W.'s life and work and faith in Los Angeles. But why, oh why, did he spoil the beautiful classic effect of his white marble in the corridor by that loud stained-glass? I am told he submitted samples to his family and they, mistaking them for Scotch plaid petticoat patterns, chose accordingly. Dear, dear! How they must offend Joe Sartori's aesthetic eye as he strolls around his bank to see what Brother Braly is doing! Since the entente cordiale has not yet been renewed between the Brothers Hellman, it seems to me that the only way for I. W. to "get even" is to put up a finer building than H. W.'s—without stained-glass windows. But, by the way, the Farmers and Merchants Bank's new building is the stateliest and purest example of architecture in Los Angeles.

Cost of Climate.

There is a judge on the superior bench of Los Angeles county who is telling this story to illustrate the difference between the climate of Southern California and that of the middle west.

"A Los Angeles man of my acquaintance," says the judge, "became discouraged at the outlook some five or six years ago, and decided to give it up and return east. He had a piece of property here worth about $8000, which he undertook to exchange for something in Kansas, his former state. A proposition was made for a piece of farming property in the central part of Kansas, and the Angeleno went on to look into the offer. The valuation on the land was satisfactory, but the house was inventoried at $3500, which struck him as being about $1000 too high. He spoke to the owner about it. 'I am well acquainted with the cost of building here in Kansas,' said he, 'and I can't figure much over $2500 into that house for which you ask $3500.' 'Did you go down below ground in it?' asked the Kansas man. 'No,' replied the other. 'Ah,' said the Kansas man enthusiastically. 'You just go and look at the cyclone cellar I have put under the house. Why, it cost me over a thousand dollars!' 'A cyclone cellar,' said the Los Angeles man, 'Hm, well, I am afraid we can't do business. Good day.' And he returned to Los Angeles by the next train—to stay. This illustrates," says the judge in conclusion, "the difference between climate here and there. Here it is an asset; there a liability."

Another Political Incompetent.

W. A. McKeown, who kept the books of the State University to the entire satisfaction of the Regents, —until he stole $55,000 of the University funds to squander on the race tracks—has proved himself incompetent in San Quentin prison to keep a simple record of the jute bags made and sold. McKeown has found his level in the penitentiary and is now sewing the end of sacks. How many more political incompetents are there in the State's service?

The Swellest Ladies Refreshment Parlors on the Coast.

Ice Cream, Cake and Confections

Service Scrupulously Courteous

CHRISTOPHER'S
341 So Broadway 241 So Spring St

How About Heat This Winter?

The cool nights and mornings and the long, cold rainy days will soon be here. Isn't it about time you were investing in one of our comfort giving and money saving - - - - - - - -

Gas Heaters!

Gas heat is the only heat that is always *ready* and always *right.* Call and let us show you a fine Gas Radiator for $3 00.

Los Angeles Gas and Electric Co.

Hill near Seventh

LOS ANGELES BREWING CO'S BOTTLE BEER

Phone Sunset East 82 or Home 820

Is a Distinct Family Table Beer--Pure and Wholesome--Rivals in Quality Any High-Grade Eastern Beer--The Largest Bottling Department on the Pacific Coast

Scope and Purposes of Women's Clubs

II.—By Mrs. Roy Jones, President of the Friday Morning Club

It is manifest that the clubs of Los Angeles, and primarily the Friday Morning Club, are each year becoming more and more of an educational influence in the city of Los Angeles. The Friday Morning Club has always stood for progress, for freedom of expression and for emancipation from the narrower confines which bound the mental horizon of the average clubless woman.

Clubs have offered women an opportunity to study the widest range of subjects for their own betterment, which is to say, for the general welfare of humanity. They have not only developed the highest thought among women, but they have taught them to give that thought the best expression. Above all they have taught women the value of organized effort.

By nature women are earnest, enthusiastic and persevering. They are more public spirited than their fellow men who alone have the ballot.

There is a power in the united effort and influence of enlightened womanhood which is working in every community where there is a well organized women's club. It need not necessarily be a working club, in the sense of its going outside of its own proper domain.

The Friday Morning Club is an illustration in point. The history of this organization is an interesting one from its outset. Organized in the spring of 1891, incorporated in the summer of 1892, its growth and influence have been phenomenal The credit of this achievement belongs to such far-seeing, able women as our President Emeritus, Madame Severance, who, for more than forty years has been an acknowledged exponent of the most advanced thought among the women of America. To the founders of this club we owe much. They were the element that gave the club its intellectual impetus from the days of its birth. This influence has been an ever-present incentive to do the best that is in us to do.

The mission of the Friday Morning Club may most properly be said to be **suggestive** rather than **aggressive.**

One can but feel that much of the philanthropic, educational and civic work which has been undertaken in our midst has had its birth or inspiration within women's sacred precincts.

To speak of the splendid work which is being accomplished by the women's branches of the Civic Federation of Los Angeles is but to recount the labors of many of our valued members, who long ago proved themselves to be of the right metal.

While we have just cause for self-congratulation upon these matters, let us not forget that there is still room for greater advancement; that primarily every member of this organization owes a definite responsibility to every other member, and that in **co-operation** alone, lies the possibility of our greatest endeavor and achievement.

The questions which we should ask ourselves are these:

Are we not sometimes too apathetic—too content to drift along—letting well enough alone—leaving the really conscientious women to work out the salvation of the many?

It lies in the power of the women's clubs of California so to mold public opinion and to improve conditions in our immediate vicinity, that it is not only a neglect of opportunity, but a neglect of duty, to shut our eyes to what we should consider a privilege.

One of the greatest menaces to the welfare of the women's clubs of today is what, for want of a better name, must be called the "professional program." Each year these programs are becoming more and more of a tax upon our revenues and are destroying the real club spirit. It is with keen regret that a tendency toward professional programs has been noted to increase with each successive year. Not that it is not much to be desired that we should welcome distinguished visitors to our platform, or that we should be addressed from time to time by professional speakers, but such programs are more and more difficult to secure.

The Federation Directory of Club Speakers and Entertainers, as it is called, is becoming an appalling compilation. From its list we must choose our professional speakers, their range of topics covering the entire gamut of things instructive and things merely entertaining. We may choose a program from archaeology to vaudeville impersonation; and all arrangements must be made through some specified agency, at a price generally prohibitive.

Last year, it may be remembered, I advocated getting away from professionalism and bringing more of the true club feeling into our work, but it is a difficult task, in a club of this size, to get the point of view of the individual.

However, I continue to hold, as my own belief, that the personal not has a value which cannot be overestimated in stimulating club effort.

We come here for enjoyment, for relaxation and for self-development. We can be amused and entertained at the theater, or in society, or a thousand different ways apart from our club life; but self-development can come to us best through sincere interest and endeavor on the part of every woman to lend her effort where it is needed, and to bring her personal influence to bear in every effort for good which the club is making.

Women of California are accomplishing great good in many and valuable lines of civic work. To a great extent they hold the fate of the state in their own hands and they can, and should, do much more than they yet dream of in their philosophy, if they but grasp the golden opportunity which lies before them.

Purposes of the Automobile Club

By Herbert Cutler Brown

This is the motto of the Automobile Club of Southern California, found on its stationery just below a cut of a wheel which bears the words "Good Roads," and the motto and the emblem suggest about everything that can be said on the subject.

The automobile came as an innovation, and met with the same sort of a reception which has always been accorded to things that are particularly new and useful.

The average human intellect grinds through its daily routine in well worn ruts. It is probably a good thing on the whole that this is so, for otherwise there would be a thin spreading over everything, and no definite course or purpose. The deeper the rut, however, the harder it is for the intellect to get out of it. But the automobilist must not be discouraged. He is all right, and sometime that which has been to him a present fad will wear a well-defined and much-traveled rut into the minds of the great people.

The ox was once an innovation, and much objected to by the owners of asses, because the former's horns and lowering aspect caused the latter to throw forward his observing ears, all of which frightened the man on the ass.

And when the domesticated horse developed a greater speed than the cloven footed beast of burden, he also became an innovation and gave cause for lengthy memorials to councilmen and supervisors, proclaiming the danger which lay in a speed of five as against that of two miles an hour.

Injunctions were issued by the English High Court of Chancery against the dangerous uses to which the stage coach, with its six horses, its lumbering wheels, and its strident horn—particularly its horn—was putting the public highways of His August Majesty the King. No doubt the bewigged justices thought that they were expounding the law of the highway for all ages. But they are long dead, the stage coach is out of date, and even the bobtailed, one-horse cars which the terrorists prophesied would depopulate the world, now find no better use than affording backyard shelters for jumping-jacks and dolls. And the automobile of today, with all its pride and glory, may in time have to give way to some other survivor of things most fit, and find its destiny in the farm yard, where its choked explosions of wrath may serve but to furnish the power to milk the cow, churn the butter and gather the eggs, while the farmer is busy on some new protest to the governing bodies because of some advance in science for which in his intellect there has been no rut prepared.

For such is progress.

And it has come to the automobile as well. It was but a little over eight years ago that one of the first—if not the very first—endurance runs was held. The course was from Lincoln Park in Chicago, over the Sheridan Boulevard in the direction of Evanston and return—a distance of some ten miles. Of the automobiles which started only two managed, after many repairs on the road, to complete the run, while the course was, as it were, strewn with internally disabled cars. The time ran into hours. In the Pittsburg endurance run of last year the course was seven hundred and ninety-seven miles in length. With the commencement of the run came one of the worst storms which that section of the country had ever experienced. The roads were wholly abandoned by the horse-drawn vehicles, the railroad trains were unable to get through, the mails were tied up, but nine automobiles sucessfully made the run and arrived at their destination on schedule time. And the run from New York to St. Louis which took place this summer over a distance of nearly two thousand miles, was made by cars carrying four and five passengers, without repairs and only occasional stops for fuel and water, and made with ease on schedule time. Of the seventy-seven machines which started from various points only eight failed to complete the run. Of these eight, four were prevented by accidents from external causes and not from internal defects.

It was but four or five years ago that a motor car stood at the corner of Spring and Second streets surrounded by a curious and wondering crowd. Its best speed was about twelve miles an hour when in perfect working condition. It occasionally carried four people on level stretches. It was ungainly and sounded, when going, as some will doubtless hear the forges of Hades sound in the great hereafter. After seven attempts on as many different days, it was driven to Pasadena. It was one of the first

AUTOMOBILE RACES

October 21 and 22

AGRICULTURAL PARK

A Brilliant Array of High Power Machines

7==Events Each Day==7

GEORGE P. FULLER, of San Francisco, will contest with FRANK GARBUTT, of Los Angeles, for the HUNTINGTON TROPHY

The Greatest Society Event of the Year

AUTOMOBILE SUNDRIES

This department is growing daily and we now have one of the most complete stocks in Southern California

RUSHMORE SEARCHLIGHTS
KINGSTON CARBURETERS
WHITNEY CHAINS
DOW COILS

Our Caps, Coats and Gloves are the latest Eastern Styles, and our Goggles are the right kind. We also carry in stock the Searls and Barret Jacks, Horns, Pumps, Tires, Tire Sleeves, Dry Batteries, Ammeters, Spark Plugs, Battery Connections, Wrenches, Oilers, Copper Funnels, Folding Canvas Buckets, Etc.

Tufts-Lyon Arms Co.,

132-134 South Spring Street

cars in Los Angeles. Now the City Hall license record shows over twelve hundred cars registered. In twelve months the number will be doubled.

The automobile has done what the steam road, the one-horse car, and the electric railway never did. It is doing for good roads more than the ass and the ox and the horse are doing.

If the automobile is all that the terrorists of to-day hold it to be, then it may have been the cause of the first highway, for we read that it was the presence of a red devil in the Garden of Eden which resulted in the projection by the first man of a highway from the gates of Paradise.

Good roads are as necessary to the automobile as to the ox and the horse. Clean roads are essential to health. The various organizations of automobile owners throughout the country all have this common purpose. It is the one resultant of all their activities.

The systematic and persistent following up of all things which may in any way assist in or bring about the securing of good roads, costs time and costs money. The automobilists have been free with both. If the pedestrians, the bicycle riders, and the drivers of horses would do but a part of their legitimate share of the work, this country would soon have public highways worth the name.

And racing on the circular tracks is all a part of a very excellent whole. What track racing did for the horse in the way of the development of the species—the betterment of the animal—the elimination of poor blood and the perpetuation of the good, the track races are doing for the automobile. They serve to test out the machine, disclose its weaknesses, and to demonstrate its power. It is not that a car can go at the rate of a mile a minute on a clear and level road in racing condition, but that a car with power sufficient for such speed is thereby demonstrated to be one, which, with lower gearing, will have the power without overtaxing the mechanism, to travel over our country roads with their varying grades, carrying two to six persons, at a reasonable rate of speed.

It is the question of power. And that enters into about everything in life.

J. J. LONERGAN JOHN KOSTER

THE
DEL MONTE TAVERN

219-221 West Third Street

The Home of Good Livers

THE SWELLEST CAFE IN THE CITY
PRIVATE DINING AND BANQUET ROOMS - SERVICE UNEXCELLED

Lucille's Letter

Dear Harriet:—So sorry you didn't like my scheme for your black gown! You think it sounds old-fashioned and not up-to-date? Dear girl, don't you know that the older-fashioned your outfit, the newer-fashioned it is? Don't you? You say that over twice to yourself, turn around once, and you will realize the deep, dark, hidden meaning of this apparent paradox. For instance, let me show you a thing or two! In the Boston Store, which you know is today one of the best, most eclectic shopping places on the Pacific Coast, I asked, out of mundane and (personally) hopeless curiosity, to see the very latest thing in evening wraps or cloaks. With a "hey presto!" from the lady chief of the department, were displayed to my admiring eyes two cloaks—evening wraps—that might have been reproduced from photographs of Queen Victoria's girlish trousseau. One of cream white broadcloth, lined with duchesse satin, was faced down the front, collar and sleeves with a beautiful brown Oriental velvet embroidery, scalloped on one side and finished on the inside edge with a cut ruche of white taffeta. From the shoulders and over the wide, loose back, hung tassels in Oriental colored silks, while the shawl sleeves, a couple of yards wide, were frilled full of exquisite Honiton lace. The other, of crepe de chine with Nile green chiffon, was a "poem" with "Bishop's" sleeves and back; it hung in soft folds to the knees and fluffed over with chiffon and lovely lace.

I saw at the Boston Store, also, a dinner dress of cream satin lace, in striped design with embossed ribbon satin; around the long train a circular flounce of taffeta ran, with wiggling shapes in hand-drawn ruchings adorning it; the yoke and bertha of chameleon pearls and sequins made a most perfect French "import."

But to return to the question nearest your heart at present, let me tell you of the many other possibilities for a swell black gown. Well, my child, in Blackstone's you will find some all-over jets that simply "scintillate with a hidden meaning." One that took my errant fancy was "all-over" with big cut jets, spangles and dear little cut jet traceries between. 'Tis heavy with beads and very fascinating. On inquiry I found that this alluring mesh was meant for waists, yokes and sleeves, while for the skirts they sold circular flounces of jets and spangles, appliques, beadings or other shiny things to adorn the straight or full-frilled gown of the period. So, if you want the most beautiful jet trimmings, and decide upon one of the many samples of black dress goods I enclose, you have only to say the word—Blackstone's will do the rest.

By the way, I must tell you of an awfully smart dodge, idea—or what you will—I saw the other day at a reception. A pretty woman who quite cut the others out by her smart attack on the feminine eye, came in wearing an irridescent chameleon-spangled gown and great big "onion" hat. "She suttinly looked good to me!" So, with my usual bashfulness, I retreated to a corner to gaze upon the vision of loveliness in silence and alone. Not for about forty-five seconds and a half did I realize that this shimmering creature was really wearing a modest cream gown of ivory nun's veiling, absolutely plain, while on her well-poised shoulders and kangaroo bust was draped one of Blackstone's wonderful new chameleon changeable-bead fichu collars, with pointed lang-drawn fronts and deep collar effects behind. My dear, I could have sworn she was in an "all-over" sequin gown! These collarettes come in all shades of beads and are, as I tell you, most effective. One in turquoise blue and silver spangles on a black net ground had a most alluring fish-backed effect. They are to be had in all prices and make a very brilliant finish to a very ordinary gown.

Before I depart from the ever-changing, ever-interesting subject of dress—whatever did Eve talk about, unless she was "reducing her weight," which would explain sleepless vigils for Adam?—I must try to describe to you the newest, very latest thing in waist belts and girdles which are now temptingly on view at Coulter's. Webster's Unabridged describes this essential part of the costume in his common, "careless" way as a "band," a "girth." Now, my dear girl, imagine calling one of those bejeweled satin and leather creations simply a "band!" Why, they are a whole orchestra. They are to be worn in all shades of the softest "crushy" leather or folded satins and silks. They have an attachment in jewels or gold for chatelaine, and one or two prize beauties were of white satin hand-embroidered in seed pearls, tiny beads and wee ribbon petaled flowers. Others in bolder relief were of this curious onion gold color, set with round stones, pebbles and valuable jewels. Always the deep buckle at the back and smaller at the front, made of the finest metal. No shoddy gold or silver that shines for a week or two and blackens long before the belt is worn out. No, indeed! These are gold triple-plate or solid silver, and quite worthy to be classed—as they are—with valuable jewelry. The only difference lies in buying at Coulter's; you get the same belt for half the price.

Now, I must just tell about the new gloves that I saw in this delightful big store before I wind up this unmanly letter. If you can unearth an old pair of your grandmother's mittens, with dull, old black beads, let into the backs and sawed-off half-fingers and thumblets, by all means do so, and you will be "one of the latest." Some of these mittens in silk and lace are most refreshing with their dainty de-

Fall Opening of the Coulter Costuming Parlors

Next Tuesday and Wednesday, October 18th and 19th. Showing many exclusive costumes and gowns evolved by our modiste, Miss Collins, together with a wealth of materials and accessories which she collected on a recent eastern trip.

Costuming Parlors
Second Floor of
343 So. Broadway

COULTER
Dry Goods Co.,
317-325 South Broadway

signs in violets and forget-me-nots over the knuckles. Other gloves are of white heavy kid and fine calfskin, with turned-over wristlets embroidered in seed pearls and tiny beads. They are not only quaint but most artistic and becoming to the hand.

One of the kiddies has just fallen into the wash-tub; so I must stop till next week.

Yours continually, LUCILLE.

Figueroa St., October Twelfth.

Over The Teacups

Just the merest suggestion of activity disturbs the serenity of the Social world this week. Indeed the reaction which followed the Barlow Sanitorium fete has been rather more prolonged than I had anticipated. At the same time I have heard a thing or two, over the tea cups—a thing or two that would startle you a little, I'll venture, only they must not be told—not all.

It may be true that every family has its skeleton in the closet, but it is also a fact that certain families are less tactful than others in hiding from the public eye the rattling bones which would stalk out to mar the enjoyment of their festive occasions. Frequently the most unfortunate are the most worthy,—those who believe in standing on their own merit, until they are shocked to find that the gossips have been saying cruel things because somebody else bearing their name has deserved censure. This truth has been brought to mind lately by a lot of reminiscent talk that has been suggested to idle minds by the near approach of a fashionable wedding. Both bride and groom are estimable young persons, and the former belongs to one of the oldest and most respected families in Los Angeles. The groom is a bright young fellow—self-made, and thoroughly worthy the hand of the girl whom he has won, independent of family prestige. It would be just as well, perhaps, especially since we are in democratic America, if he were allowed to stand upon his own merits, without the "Ah, do you remembers?" etc., that I have heard of late.

Mrs. Percy Schumacher was granted last week a decree of divorce absolute, with custody of the child. It took Judge Allen just twelve minutes to determine the righteousness of her cause. It is futile, and generally vulgar, to discuss the troubles and differences that lead to such separations, but Mrs. Schumacher has the entire sympathy and confidence of her hosts of friends. Too often married life that presumably begins with an H is turned into one that ends with a double L. And such mistakes the Episcopal Church contemplates making irrevocable destiny. Is it not a greater sin for a man and woman who have became repugnant to each other to continue to live as man and wife than to separate? The abuses of divorce in this country are abominable, but the Episcopal Church will not rectify them by any such stringent rules as now proposed. The church, I fear, will only cause serious defections from its ranks, which it cannot afford.

Jay Fred Gould and his bride were in Los Angeles several days this week before anybody discovered the fact, and indeed I believe the couple are congratulating themselves that so little notice was taken of their advent. Mrs. Gould formerly was Miss Nell Rushing of Farmington, Me. She is an unusually handsome and attractive young woman and was a leading belle of that place. Young Gould is a nephew of the late Jay Gould, and has an aunt living in Los Angeles. She is Mrs. Anna Hough, who has lived very quietly in this city since the death of her husband several years ago. Far from being a society woman Mrs. Hough shuns all appearances of love for the gay world, and devotes herself conscientiously to religious work. She is best known here for her generosity to the University of Southern California, starting the endowment fund that has since reached $200,00 or more. The late Mr. Hough was at one time a Methodist minister, and after his retirement from the ministry he gave largely to the cause of the superannuated preacher fund, which has as its object the support of worn out ministers. The sister of Jay Gould and her family should not be confounded with the family of the Rev. George Hough who recently was transferred from the Southern California conference to a charge in San Francisco. Although both have for years been prominently allied with the Methodist Church in this city, they are not related. The Jay Fred Goulds have been visiting Mr. Gould's aunt since their arirval.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin and their daughter, Guendolin, will not be in Los Angeles again for several months at least. They are to visit France and Italy, and probably Rome, before coming back to America. Homer, Jr., attends to business for his father, when the latter is way. But business does not absorb all of the younger Laughlin's time, and his social obligations have been growing apace, lately. Last summer Terminal Island held an irresistible attraction, but that is the story of time gone by, although one may look a sequel to a good story at any time—while the author lives.

Among the guests at the Angelus Hotel this week are Judge and Mrs. John F. Ellison of Northern California. Mr. Ellison was for many years judge of Tehama county. Judge and Mrs. Ellison are delighted with their surroundings and may be for some time at the Angelus. And by the way, W. J. Hunsaker has returned from his Eastern trip. It will be remembered that he went to St. Louis to attend the meeting of the American Bar Association that recently convened there. He was made vice-president of the association, an honor which gives an added distinction to the Los Angeles law-

The imprint of *"Fowler Brothers, Los Angeles"* upon a Wedding Invitation or Announcement is indisputable proof that quality of Stationery and Workmanship is the finest obtainable . . . . . .

Fowler Brothers

Stationers, Engravers, Booksellers

221 WEST SECOND ST.

yer. The Hunsaker family is still domiciled at the Angelus. Other permanent residents at the Angelus who have returned this week after visiting in the East, are Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Braly.

Spring and early summer weddings are being followed with fall preparations for housekeeping, and already the handsome home to be built by Marshall Stimson on Kensington Road is under way. Mrs. Marshall Stimson, before her marriage, was Marie Gordon, and the wedding was one of the notable affairs of last season. I hear that the many friends of the couple may expect considerable social entertaining there after a while.

Speaking about brides and grooms reminds me that Mr. and Mrs. Fielding Stilson are occupying the house of the former's mother in Kensington Road, while she is attending the fair at St. Louis. It said that the younger Stilsons will build in the neighborhood of the parental home, but this may not be for a year at least.

As to Mrs. and Mrs. John Posey, whose marriage took place while the shades of Lent hung over the religious world last spring—they are enjoying a sojourn in the East, and giving little thought for the present to settling in any particular spot, although it generally is understood that they will make Los Angeles their home. Early in the fall Miss Frances Coulter and Miss Inez Moore, both cousins of Mrs. Posey, went East, and, more recently, Mrs. B. F. Coulter, the mother of Frances. joined the young women at St. Louis. Then Mr. and Mrs. John Posey, the former's mother, Mrs. Oliver P. Posey, and Oliver Posey, Jr., her other son, determined to go to St. Louis and become members of the party.

The departure, just now, of Mrs. J. Ross Clark and her daughter, Ella, for San Francisco, is particularly interesting in view of Miss Clark's approaching marriage. I am told the trip was made to do shopping for the trousseau, and it is now understood that her wedding to Henry Lee will take place about the first of December. By the way, Mrs. Ross Clark won her suit against a ladies' tailor the other day. The tailor appealed from the justice to the superior court and Judge Allen upset the tailor's suit. I am told that Frank Burnett, Mrs. Ross Clark's attorney, would have rather lost any suit in his career than Mrs. Clark's.

ANASTASIA.

Dr. H. A. Seaton

SURGEON—CHIROPODIST

Graduate of Bayswater College, London, England
for Chiropody and Surgery of the Feet.

408 Braly Building

OFFICE HOURS
9 A. M. to 6 P. M.
or by appointment

HOME PHONES
Office 1723
Residence 23252

Sousa, the March King.

What more cheerful and seasonable announcement could be made than that of the coming of John Philip Sousa and his incomparable instrumentalists for five of their inspiring concerts? The program for the concerts at Hazard's Pavilion will contain much that is new and much that is interesting. The soloists are Estelle Liebling, soprano, and Jessie Strauss, violinist. Seats will be placed on sale next Monday at 9 o'clock at Fitzgerald's Music House, 113 South Spring street.

Hofmann is taking life easy this week at Ocean Park, dividing his time between his piano, his automobile and swimming. His program for Saturday afternoon will be divided into three parts. The first portion will be devoted to the older masters—Bach, Beethoven and Chopin. The second part will consist of selections from Russian composers. For the concluding section he will play a mazurka and an intermezzo of his own, Moskowski's "La Jongleusse" and Liszt's arrangement of the Tannhauser overture.

Lectures.

The Hon. George R. Wendling of South Carolina will lecture at the Simpson Auditorium, as a feature of the Imperial Course, next Tuesday evening. Mr. Wendling's lecture on the intellectual controversies between agnosticism and belief, comprising a series entitled "Modern Doubt," have attracted wide attention. His subject next Tuesday evening will be "Saul of Tarsus."

Tickets for the Star Course, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., will be put on sale at Bartlett's music store Monday morning. The course embraces, among others, Elbert Hubbard, Ovide Musin, the violinist; Dr. Robert McIntyre, Dr. Frederick A. Cook and Ernest Seton Thompson. The first event of the course will be a concert at Simpson's November 10, by the Knickerbocher Concert Company of San Francisco.

RESIGNATION.

An American lady in London says she is struck by the expression of resignation which most Englishwomen wear.

A lyricist in *"The Tatler"* apologizes thus:

Bethink you, pretty Yankee girl,
Have we not cause to look forlorn?
Ah, pity us and do not curl
Your rosy lip in scorn.

The peers that once we used to wed
Our humble reach are now beyond,
They all prefer to mate instead
Across the herring pond.

You catch each eligible duke,
Each marquis, baron, viscount, earl,
And yet we utter no rebuke,
My pretty Yankee girl.

The iron eats into our soul,
And yet to sneer you seem inclined.
Can't you admire our self-control
Who merely look resigned?

Uncle Sam's richest assets are 26,099,728 school children and 14,753,766 wage earners.

Where Are They?

Mrs. L. A. Dunham has moved to 1862 West 24th street.

Mrs. E. R. Brainerd is in San Francisco for a short stay.

Misses Cecil and Clara Badgeley left last week for St. Louis.

Dr. F. T. Bicknell has returned from a holiday at Klamath Lake.

Mrs. John E. Plater and Miss Carrie Waddilove are in San Francisco.

Mrs. Kemp and Miss Jessie Hayward Kemp left Tuesday for Spokane.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Fischer of 945 South Bonnie Brae are in Chicago.

Dr. and Mrs. W. T. McArthur have taken a house at 2333 West 28th street.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ainsworth have reached home after their eastern trip.

Walter Newhall and E. J. Coleman returned from San Francisco Tuesday.

Lizzie Hudson Collier will be the leading lady with Otis Skinner this season.

Miss Lillian Carlton and Don Carlton returned last week on the *Times's* excursion.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Doran of 1402 Roosevelt street have returned from the east.

Mrs. James F. Durkee is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. Coleman, at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Chapman and Miss Florence Waters left last week for St. Louis.

Mrs. Walter Harris has removed from Hotel Germaine to 1551 West Seventh street.

Mrs. S. T. Eldridge of 1609 South Grand avenue returned last week from San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Daniels of Chicago have returned to their winter home in Pasadena.

Miss Sadie Zolinger of East Aurora, N. Y., is the guest of Mrs. Ida Meacham of East Avenue 41.

Mrs. W. S. Hook, accompanied by her son, left Tuesday for a three months' sojourn in Chicago.

Mrs. R. A. Levy of 115 South Grand avenue are entertaining Miss Blanche Cover of Riverside.

Mrs. C. S. Goodrich of 1904 Estrella avenue returned Sunday from a two months' eastern visit.

Miss Viola White of 1002 Bonnie Brae left last week for the east to be absent till December 15.

Dr. and Mrs. Arno Behr and Miss Elsa Behr have returned to Pasadena from St. Louis and New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Laughlin are in London. They will spend the winter in the Riviera and in Rome.

Mrs. William Nichols of 3230 Manitou avenue is entertaining her sister, Mrs. W. H. Baldridge, of Escondido.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Wannup and Mrs. S. E. Maynard have moved into their new residence at 727 Beacon street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin S. Rowley and Miss Grace Rowley of 2621 Menlo avenue have returned from an eastern trip.

Miss Foster, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Foster of Burlington avenue, has returned from a visit to St. Paul.

Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins of 700 West 28th street left last week to visit her sister, Miss Rose Carson, of Lincoln, Neb.

Colonel and Mrs. F. H. Seymour and Miss Merita Selmour left Saturday for Torres, Mexico, after spending the summer at their Redondo home.

Mrs. E. L. Wallace has returned to Juneau, Alaska, after a visit of two months with her sister and mother, Mrs. R. A. Levy and Mrs. F. B. Wallace.

Dr. and Mrs. John W. Trueworthy of Garland avenue are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ryder and Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Hood of Emporia, Kansas.

Mrs. Alfred Morrison, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Everhardy of 1030 Burlington avenue, returns this week to San Francisco. Miss Ethel Morrison will prolong her visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Barrett Fithian and Mrs. Ashton Porter of Santa Barbara arrived in the city Wednesday on their way to Europe. Ashton Porter is still ill in San Francisco, having had to submit to an operation at the McNutt hospital last week.

Anastasia's Date Book

October 15.—Child Study Circles meet at home of state president, Mrs. W. W. Murphy, 1342 South Union avenue.

October 15.—Mrs. Godfrey Edwards of Halldale; at home for Miss Montague.

October 18.—Robert E. Lee Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy; dance at Kramer's.

October 28.—Dr. and Mrs. John Harvey Davisson. Silver wedding reception; Cumnock hall, 8-12 p. m.

November 8.—South Gate Chapter, O. E. S. Dancing Kramer's Hall.

Approaching Weddings

October 15.—Edward L. Strauss to Miss Blanche Cohen at 1215 W. Ninth.

October 17.—S. Tilden Norton to Miss Esther Grodel in New York city.

October 19.—Roscoe Lamb to Miss Grace Rutherford at 1929 Ocean View avenue.

October 19.—William T. Schneider to Miss Stella Alice Montague at 1939 Oxford aveune.

October 19.—Joseph G. Mordie to Miss Bessie Ackerman.

October 26.—Frederick Gray Leonard to Miss Mabel Doan at 223 North St. Louis street.

October 25.—W. C. Humphreys to Miss Ethel Dick.

November 2.—Dr. Dudley Fulton of South Bend, Ind., to Miss May Hitchcock, at 2700 South Grand avenue.

November—Dr. Virgil McCombs to Miss Eva Fowble, at 943 West Thirty-seventh street.

November 9.—A. Raymond Risley of Phoenix, Ariz., to Miss Elsie E. Holliday.

November 10.—W. P. Jeffries to Miss Lora Hubbell at Kramer's Hall.

November 17.—Arthur Van Norden to Miss Zaidee G. Hartwell in the Immanuel Presbyterian church.

November 22.—Howard Squires to Miss Mae Gilmore, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Gilmore of Grand View.

Engagements.

J. H. Peckham to Miss Caroline W. Boomer of Chicago.

Sam Wolfstein to Miss Bertha Ruth of Ventura.

W. J. Fox of Galveston, Texas, to Miss Margaret Cartwell Shanks of Park Grove, Cal.

Recent Weddings

September 28.—Joseph William Whitworth to Miss Cora Mabel Caress at Adair, Ill.

October 5.—Roy Swigget to Miss Eva Zazick at 614 Towne avenue.

October 6.—Robert F. Jones of Escondido to Mrs. Elizabeth J. Evans.

October 6.—Russell T. Barr of Quincy, Ill., to Miss Mary Winn at 329 West Avenue 51.

October 8.—T. M. Knowles of Ocean Park to Miss Myrtle Smith at 837 Kohler street.

October 9.—Victor Nathan to Miss Sadie Goldstein at 633 West Twenty-first street.

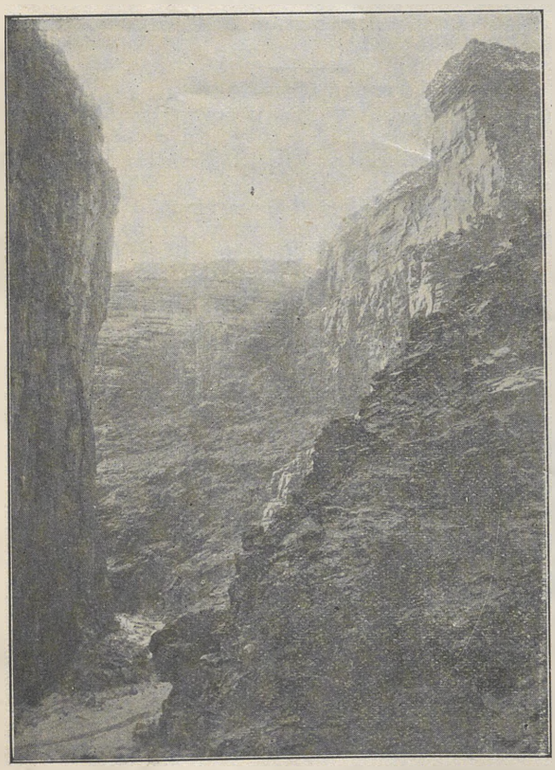
Conradi
DIAMONDS
GEMS
WATCHES
AND FINE JEWELRY
202 South Spring Street
UNDER HOLLENBECK HOTEL

Phones {HOME 2468 / MAIN 293
The Bon Ton Dressmaking Parlors
PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED
Latest Parisian Patterns
Ladies Tailoring
Evening Gowns and
Cloaks a Specialty
Room 202
702 South Spring Street

October 10.—William Charles Dillingham to Miss Blanche M. Loughman of San Francisco at San Diego.
October 11.—James Edgar Hamilton to Miss Ella Hamilton at the Trinity M. E. Church.
October 11.—Max Heinrich to Miss Anna Held at Coronado.
October 12.—J. Stirling Cook to Miss Amy C. Williams of Smith Falls, Ont.
October 12.—Ralph E. Clapp to Miss Florence Hatch at Berkeley.

Receptions, Etc.

October 6.—Mrs. Philip Zobelein of 3950 Figueroa street.
October 6.—The Rosemary Club for Miss Henrietta Dobinson.
October 7.—Mrs. H. W. Creding of 876 East Forty-second street; luncheon and reception.
October 7.—Miss Alice Milton of 720 South Beacon street.
October 8.—Mrs. Al Smith of 1124 Ingraham street, for Miss Battles of Riverside.
October 8.—Mrs. Clyde Phillips of Ocean Park for Miss Zaidee Hartwell.
October 8.—Mrs. Jenny Kempton of 1827 Figueroa street, for Mrs. J. Roth Hamilton.
October 8.—Mrs. J. F. Conroy and Miss Bri Conroy, for Mrs. W. T. McArthur.
October 10.—Mrs. J. H. Griffin of 1835 W. Adams, children's party.
October 10.—Mrs. Sam Cohen of 1305 W. Ninth street for Miss Blanche Cohen.
October 11.—Lacrosse Club. Dancing at Kramer's.
October 11.—Mrs. T. S. Minot and Mrs. Frank Stone, for Butterfly Whist Club at Burbank hall.
October 12.—Mrs. G. W. Lane of 2942 La Salle avenue, for the Harmony Whist Club.
October 12.—Los Angeles College of Fine Arts.
October 13.—Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Vandegrift of 830 Kensington Road, for the Alabama Association.
cOtober 13.—Miss Luella Cook of 1334 South Flower street, for Matinee Euchre Club.
October 14.—Philothethea Club at Kramer's.
October 14.—Mrs. John A. Pirtle and Mrs. Raymond Chase of 1815 South Union avenue; at home.
October 14.—Mrs. Hancock Banning of 416 N. Broadway. Luncheon and Bridge.



GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA
Greatest of American Natural Wonders : : :
See It When You Go EAST via
THE SANTA FE

On the Stage and Off

The Morosco-Belasco war, which I predicted as inevitable some time ago, has commenced in earnest, and I hope the consumers—the public—will benefit thereby. Oliver Morosco is a man of peace and has regarded Fred Belasco as his friend for many years. There seemed no reason why they should not have dwelt together in peace and wholesome competition both in Los Angeles and San Francisco, but, as is usually the case, competition got too warm and war was declared. Belasco, realizing that his local stock company was an inferior force to Morosco's, commenced overtures to obtain certain of Morosco's men. Tom Oberle, who has been a valued member of the Morosco company for the last year, was won over to the enemy by the offer of superior stipend. Similar inducements, I believe, were held out to Mestayer, but he loyally resisted the bait. From San Francisco the story reaches me that Belasco has also been dangling temptation in the eyes of several of Morosco's company at the Majestic, including Miss Eleanor Gordon, late of the Ulrich stock company, and a valued property man. And so on!

This week Oliver Morosco shuffled the cards and made a new deal. Ollie has perhaps led the Belasco people astray by his vehement announcements that the present talented and popular aggregation at the Burbank was a "permanent institution," which coud not be disturbed by White Whittlesey, Florence Roberts or any other of Belasco's old bookings at the Burbank. Now, if Mr. Belasco insists, I understand that Morosco will not repudiate his contract, but will play Whittlesey the week after next according to schedule. But in the meantime he gives Belasco something to think about by suddenly ordering the removal of the majority of the present stock company to San Francisco. After next week the charming Amelia Gordon, the versatile McVicars, the irresistibly funny Woodward, the talented Mestayer, blithesome Elsie Esmond, and most of the rest leave the Land of Sunshine for San Francisco fog and bay breezes—also, I hope, for more fame and fortune. They, and Howard Gould, who remains here, at all events for a season, have consituted by long odds the best stock company we have ever had in Los Angeles, and we are all mighty sorry to see them go. Nevertheless, Oliver is wise in his generation; he does not wish them to outstay their welcome and prefers that they should leave at the full tide of their popularity, which surely has attained this week in their excellent revival of their first great success, "When We were Twenty-One." The expert in theatrical affairs realizes how fickle his public is and how prudent it is to keep it "guessing" by altering his bill of fare. After a few months' denial we shall all flock to the Burbank with renewed ardor to welcome Miss Gordon and her colleagues "home." By no means have we seen too much of them. That used to be the trouble with Frawley and then with Neill; their visits were too recurrent to make the theater-goer's heart grow fonder by their absence.

Morosco's new deal covers what is known as the "stock star system." He will establish another stock company here to support a succession of

J. PHILIP SOUSA
Soon to appear in Los Angeles

"stars," who will fill engagements of four weeks or so apiece. The first of these will be L. R. Stockwell, one of the cleverest comedians in the country, the best "Marks" there ever was, and for many decades exceedingly popular on the Pacific Coast. The nucleus of the supporting company will be Howard Gould, leading man; John W. Burton, the urbane, beloved comedian of the Neills; Jessie Mae Hall, one of the most attractive singing and dancing soubrettes in the country; William Desmond, the handsome He who never fails to get the gallery's glad hand, and Louise Brownell. Morosco, I understand, has been keeping the wires to New York hot this week to complete his "light infantry." Stockwell will lead off, according to present plans, with Hoyt's "Temperance Town." The Royal Arch should attend in a body, and learn what's in store for them if they won't learn when they've got all that's good for them. Then we are to have Pinero's excellent comedy, "The Magistrate," which I do not remember seeing here in ten years, but which convulsed two continents twenty years ago. Hoyt's "Midnight Bell" will follow and Stockwell's last week, according to present schedule, will be the new play, "The Hon. John North," written, I believe, for himself.

In the meantime you can be sure Fred Belasco is not napping. He has a plentiful store of capital plays in his library and if he continues to strengthen his stock company he will still make things interesting for Moroscodom. Oberle will undoubtedly be a great addition; he has a large following here and has won it by sheer talent. Then, too, we may look for some big surprises from David Belasco's brother. Early next year Blanche Bates will come with "The Darling of the Gods" and all her beautiful accoutrements.

You may recall the fact that I treated the Tivoli scheme at Ninth and Main with levity. Abbot Kinney seems to have been the last straw. As far as I can make out, all the stock of the Tivoli company was in bricks and some of them not even gilded. Who the Egyptians were that have been spoiled I know not, but I fear it must have been the contractors who took stock in the enterprise for their work. Apparently, they soon got a tired feeling. You can bet a stage box to a gallery ticket that neither Harry Wyatt or Oliver Morosco put a cent of their hard-earned cash into the fantasy. We are growing apace, 'tis true, but hardly quick enough to stand a Tivoli at Ninth and Main with a seating capacity of 2500—vide prospectum—while the little Casino, five blocks nearer the center of humanity, has not shown the S. R. O. sign all summer. But Morosco is very confident that his projected theater on Broadway is "a go." He assured me the other evening that he would be opening it eight months hence with Frawley and Mary Van Buren. But I didn't remind him that nearly a year ago he held out a similar optimistic prophesy anent his theater—which looked beautiful on paper—on the Kerckhoff property at Sixth and Main. But "Ollie" is very confident this time, and I have a tip from financial sources that it is "almost a go." I hope so. There is nothing like seizing time by the forelock and when Billy Garland's prophesies are realized—when in 1910 we have 250,000 population—we can stand a seventh theater.

"Tim" Frawley, by the way, has abandoned his return tour of India and Manila, still scheduled by the dramatic papers, and has disbanded his company in South Africa. He has earned a holiday and is going to take it. He expects to return to his Fatherland, after nearly three years' travel and trial, early next year. His first engagement will be under the management of Oliver Morosco, with Mary Van Buren as co-star, due to commence March 1. A warm welcome awaits them.

At the Lambs Club, after the first performance of "The Music Master," Charles Klein, the author of the play, who is a rabid Christian Scientist, exclaimed: "I knew that my play was going to be a success: Christian Science made it inevitable." "Well, I don't know," remarked Nat Goodwin: "your Christian Science would have a hard time of it without Hebrew Science of Dave Belasco."

I dropped in to see an act of "When We were Twenty-One" the other evening—my third or fourth enjoyment of the play. I stayed to the last curtain. Truly it is a delightful performance and quite the best piece of stock work I have ever seen. McVicars has accumulated a Gargantuan cavalry moustache, which from the back of the house looks as if he were smoking clay pipes out of both corners of his mouth. He, Woodward and Duffield make an inimitable trinity. Harry Mestayer's hysteria in the third act is a great piece of work, but he should be careful not to overdo it. His final exit,

Mason Opera House

H. C. WYATT
Lessee and Manager

Entire Week, Beginning Monday, October 17
With a Saturday Matinee

Chas. B. Dillingham will present America's Great Comic Opera Farceur

FRANK DANIELS

In the Laughing, Musical, Beauty Show

"THE OFFICE BOY"

By Harry B. Smith and Ludwig Englander

The Same Brilliant Cast as Last Season!
Original New York Production and Beauty Brigade!

All the BIG Song Hits! {"I'm on the Water Wagon Now," "Plain Mamie O'Hooley," "I Never Had to Work," "A Maiden's Heart," "After Office Hours," Etc.

Seats now on Sale, Prices 50c, 75c, $1 and $1.50
Telephones 70

Grand Opera House

MAIN STREET
Bet. First and Second

Telephones: Main 1967, Home 418

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, Oct. 16

"York State Folks"

The Greatest Pastoral Play ever seen here. More true to Life than "The Old Homestead." Fifty People including Celebrated Surpliced Boy Choir.

AN INSTANTANEOUS SUCCESS EVERYWHERE!

Next Week:—"The Convict's Daughter"

Matinees Sunday, Tuesday and Saturday

Prices the same: 10c., 25c. and 50c.

Orpheum

SPRING STREET
Bet. Second and Third

MODERN VAUDEVILLE

Week Commencing Monday Evening, Oct. 17, 1904
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

HOEY and LEE The Great Hebrew Character Delineators	Last week of the Athletic Marvels ***URBANI & SON***

FELIX and BARRY, Comedians
AVERY STRAKOSCH, Prima Donna Soprano
THE MISSES DELMORE, Musicians
LEO CARRILLO, Cartoons and Imitations
KENNEDY and REYNOLDS
TWO PUCKS

Prices the same—10c, 25c and 50c. Both Phones 1447.

Casino Theatre

344 S. Spring St.
H. C. Wyatt and Oliver Morosco Managers
Phones: 525

THE COZY HOME OF MUSIC AND MIRTH

Last Performance Saturday of ***"The Telephone Girl"***

——Twenty-Second Consecutive Week of——

OLYMPIA COMIC OPERA CO.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee..... Oct. 16th

Offenbach's Delightful Romantic Musical Story,

"La Perichole"

PERMANENT PRICES; 25c, 35c, 50. MATINEES—Sunday and Saturday—First floor reserved 25c, Children 10c
Seats Always Selling Seven Days Ahead

after Dick has braced him up, should be manlier. Tom Oberle's brief hit as Hirsch is still one of the most effective features of the whole play. As for Mr. Gould and Miss Gardner, have not all the nice things in language already been exhausted in their favor?

Imagine Frederick Stevenson, of all men in the world, acquiring a severe attack of Casinoitis, but it is the most convincing proof that the show is well worth while. Listen to him!

"The Belle of New York," in her brief visit to the Casino, at least gets a touch of revivifying life in her entourage; for the chorus has awakened and something is doing.

"And, really, I don't know where better to begin than with the chorus. The boys shine with altogether unwonted lustre in their interpolated Bullard "Stein Song" of the opening scene, their ringing tone and spirited acting being miles ahead of their usual limit. The ensemble finale of the first act, too, almost makes the little theater burst its tiny trammels for very joy, while, as for the introduced Sloane "What is the matter with the moon tonight?" for Frank Stammers and six graceful little cooned maids, I might be sitting there yet, caring not a jot for the morrow's cares. Let me say here, by the way, that Mr. Stammers shows right good sense in letting the pretty number stand for its musical value, instead of killing it with inappropriate funniness.

"Miss Gertrude Riggs in the 'fat' part of Betty the Bat takes on solo honors crescendo ed accelerando—which, being interpreted, means 'Look out for Miss Gertie in character work.' She has great facial expression, a keen eye for make-up and business, and plenty of temperament.

"Miss Kendall plays the Salvation Army lassie in quite her own delicately appreciative fashion, and Carl Haydn, singing as well as is his wont, is careful not to overstep the Army moderation in the matter of love-making. It seems to me that if I were making—but, really, that is neither here nor there.

"Pity 'tis that Mr. Major will insist on taking his characters and his singing so seriously. Were he to adopt a lightsome touch in style, and take the audience into his confidence with an easy, fluent tone-delivery and clear, clean-cut articulation, his splendid natural voice would have some chance of making its proper mark.

"It must be confessed, however, that there is nothing of the cold-storage order about the osculatory duet between Mr. Major and Miss Holmes. The icicles that commonly hang by the wall go up in sulphurous steam, the show-girls discard their winter wraps, and Mr. Haydn looks on in mute amaze.

"All in all, notwithstanding the inherent vacuity of this type of work, it is well worth while to take a whirl with 'The Belle of New York,' and the closing performances of the week should certainly be taken advantage of. There was a capital house on Monday evening."

For a change "Too Much Johnson" at the Belasco is good. The humor is irresistible even if Martin Alsop's Billings is a long way after Gillette's. That delightful pair of clever children, Oza Waldron and Richard Vivian, continue to grow in grace and popularity.

"Sweet Clover," for the last three nights of this week and a matinee Saturday, provides a brief interlude from the rage of musical comedy which is prevalent at the Mason this month.

Most of this week's bill at the Orpheum is distinctly dreary and on the whole considerably below par. The bill is topheavy with acrobats, and they are certainly good. Urbani and his boy—not yet in his teens—do some eye-startling work. The lad is an infant Hercules. Trovollo is well above the average of ventriloquists.

"Fritz and Snitz" have been doing sneezing good business this week at the Grand Opera House.

I looked for Ben Greet and "Everyman" last year but was disappointed. I had met him under the glorious redwoods at the Bohemian Club's midsummer jinks and he had expressed his enthusiasm in anticipating a visit to the Land of Sunshine. He and his talented people, who have been scoring true success in San Francisco, will be at Hazard's Pavilion for the week commencing October 31. The quaint morality play, "Everyman," was first produced nearly four centuries ago, and it is believed it was in manuscript at a much earlier time. It was a popular play in Henry VIII's time. It had not been presented within the last two centuries until revived by William Poel for the Elizabethan Stage Society of England. The solemity, religious truth and simple power of "Everyman" holds auditors as captive as does the Passion Play at Oberammagau. If we have fine weather in the first week of November—and we generally do—why not have at least one open-air performance? Mr. Huntington, I feel confident, would gladly allow the use of the Childs place for the purpose.

"The Office Boy" at the Mason will be followed by "The Tenderfoot" and aptly enough "A Texas Steer" will be on the heels of "The Tenderfoot." Hoyt's masterpiece is perennial; Harry Emery will shake hands and divide the "Steer's" profits with Harry Wyatt from October 31 to November 2. Then we are promised "San Toy," which has been too long a-coming and "Glittering Gloria."

Good Lord! This is too much! We are to have another visitation of "Ghosts" and in Christmas week at the Mason. I wish Harry Mestayer well. He is a nice boy with considerable talent, but I could not wish him worse than that he should be "starred" in "Ghosts."

Nat Goodwin is playing "against" his wife, Maxine Elliott, in Chicago and St. Louis this month. Mr. Goodwin at present is at Powers' and Mrs. Goodwin is at the Illinois in "Her Own Way."

Hazard's Pavilion Fifth and Olive Sts.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY.....

October 27-28-29

MATINEES: FRIDAY and SATURDAY

"Sousa and His Band"

Sale of Reserved Seats MONDAY, OCT. 17

FITZGERALD MUSIC HOUSE

Both Phones 1159 113-115 S. Spring Street

Morosco's Burbank Theatre

Oliver Morosco, Lessee and Manager. Sixth and Main Sts

Matinee Today! Performance Tonight! Last times of "When We Were 21"

Week starting tomorrow (Sunday) evening

Matinee Saturday, Farewell Week of

The Oliver Morosco Co.

A Stock Company without a rival presenting

The Greatest Naval Drama Ever Written

"The Ensign"

PRICES—15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. Telephones Main 1270. Home 1270.

The Burbank is the biggest, safest, coolest theatre in Los Angeles.

Belasco Theater Belasco, Mayer & Co., Proprietors Main Street bet. Third and Fourth Phones Sunset 3380; Home 267

Los Angeles' Only Permanent Stock Company!

——Tonight and the Rest of this Week——

Belasco Theatre Stock Company

—IN—

"Too Much Johnson"

Next Week, Commencing Monday Night, Oct. 17th

First Los Angeles Stock Production of

"Lady Bountiful"

A Powerful Play by Arthur W. Pinero, Author of "The Gay Lord Quex"

Matinees Thursday and Saturday

Prices: Every night, 25, 35, 50 and 75. Thursday and Saturday matinees, 25, 35 and 50

Simpson Auditorium Direction of Blanchard & Venter

TUESDAY EVENING, OCT. 18, 1904

Third Event of Imperial Course

The

Hon. George R. Wendling

of Washington, D. C.

"The Greatest Orator on the American Platform."

Tickets at BARTLETT'S MUSIC STORE, Blanchard Building. POPULAR PRICES.

David Warfield, who made such a vivid impression in "The Auctioneer," has established himself in the front rank of American actors by his characterization in "The Music Master." His work has won unstinted praise from the critics. The play by Alfred Klein, is reminiscent in plot and not of impressive texture, says Life, but it is a sufficient vehicle for some exceptionally good acting, and gains value by the artistic thoroughness of its staging. Mr. Warfield as Herr Anton von Barwig, the simple, childlike, kindly, yet somewhat shrewd and fun-appreciating, old, German musician, wins an artistic success of very high distinction. It is a clear-cut and lovable character added to the world of stage people. It finds its way direct to the heart of the spectator, and has the unusual power of alternating tears and laughter in New York's very knowing and blasé audiences. With the exception of his occasional lapses into Yiddish tones, Mr. Warfield's acting was almost without a blemish, and, if he avoids the temptation to over-elaborate the creation, it will rank among the best of our time. The cast is intelligently made up and trained to the giving of a most satisfactory performance. Minnie Dupree has rarely appeared to so good advantage as she does in the role of the old musician's daughter, and Marie Bates recalls the glories of "Chimmie Fadden" by her impersonation of the Houston Street lodging-house keeper. Leon Kohlmar, as a most remarkable German 'cello player, and Antoinette Walker, as the attractive slavey in the lodging-house, both made agreeable impressions. The other parts—some of them good character bits—were very well done. "The Music Master" demonstrates that Mr. Warfield's loyalty to Mr. Belasco's belief was well placed and that Mr. Belasco's belief in Mr. Warfield's artistic ability was thoroughly justified.

Stars, et al.

Leavitt James, a son of Louis James, and a brother of Millie James, whose success as a child impersonater in "Lovers' Lane" and "The Little Princess" made her famous, is a member of the Frank Daniels Opera Company, due at the Mason next week.

Dobinson School of Expression and Dramatic Art

Open All the Year Round.

Send for Catalogue.

Dobinson Institute,
1044 S. Hope St. Los Angeles, Cal.

Trusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Mason. Frank Daniels in Smith and Erlanger's "Office Boy" all next week. Charles Dillingham has provided the funny little man with gorgeous equipment of scenery and girls. There are six typewriters, who keep the comedian busy. Of course, you will go.

Morosco's Burbank. The last week of the Oliver Morosco Company's present engagement should be a bumper. "The Ensign" will be their farewell hoist.

Belasco's. Monday night the management promises us another play new to Los Angeles in "Lady Bountiful." Pinero is always well worth while.

Orpheum. Hoey and Lee in Hebraisms are next week's topliners. A sketch called "The Boy Next Door" with George Felix and Moses Barry is warranted to produce hysterics. Mme. Avery Strakosch, soprano, will supply the principal musical feature. The Misses Delmore play and sing without any freak stunts. Leo Carillo returns for a week. Urbani and his surprising son; the Two Pucks and Kennedy & Reynolds complete the bill.

Grand. "York State Folks," the prettiest of all pastoral plays, commences Sunday afternoon.

Casino. Something new next week in "La Perichole," one of Lillian Russell's great successes.

R. H. C.

If you like good dinners,
Levy's are the kind
you like

Good Music Courteous Service

TEL. HOME 271 FRED P. SIMPSON, Local Manager TEL. MAIN 1758

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.

BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES, BAR FIXTURES, BOWLING ALLEYS

BRANCH HOUSES IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES 620 SOUTH BROADWAY

Stars et al

Annie Irish has made a great success in vaudeville.

Marie Tempest is to star under the management of Charles Frohman in "The Freedom of Suzanne."

Marion Pollock Johnson will play leading parts with Richard Mansfield as long as she can stand it.

Joseph Jefferson's retirement has thrown Will Winter and his wife, Elsie Leslie, out of an engagement.

Maxine Elliott's season in "Her Own Way" began in Harlem October 3, and her tour will extend as far as the Pacific Coast.

The first appearance of Margaret Anglin as a star will be made in the Broad Stree Theater, Philadelphia, the latter part of this month.

Gordon Blake, the author of the comedy success, "The Second Fiddle," in which Louis Mann has made such a hit, is an American dramatist.

Gus Thomas' new comedy, "The Other Girl," has been translated into French and will be among the offerings Charles Frohman will present at his Paris theater.

Lionel Barrymore, who has made so important a success in "The Other Girl," will probably be starred by Charles Frohman next year in a new comedy by Augustus Thomas.

William Gillette's American tour in "The Admirable Crichton" will begin in Toronto. On its conclusion he will go to London, where he will present his new play, "Chance."

A rumor is current that Maude Adams has been studying the Mennonite people of Pennsylvania, with a view of playing a dramatization of "Tillie: A Mennonite Maid."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has been personally directing the rehearsals of his new play, "Judith of Bethulia," which Nance O'Neil was to produce at the Tremont Theater, Boston, Thursday.

Flora Zabelle, whose progress on the stage has been phenomenal, and who is now the prima donna of Henry W. Savage's comic opera, "The Yankee Consul," is the daughter of an Armenian clergyman.

Colgate Baker, the magazine writer, is completing a play for Belasco and Mayer based upon his story, "The Heart of a Geisha," which attracted attention in the August number of the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

Kate Claxton is to go into vaudeville and will abandon permanently "The Two Orphans." Other notable recruits to the ranks of vaudeville are W. H. Macdonald and George Frothingham, late of the Bostonians.

New York will presently see itself through George Ade's eyes. The Indiana dramatist is writing a play for Joseph Wheelock Jr., the scenes of which will be laid in New York, and all the characters in which, with the exception of two, will be New Yorkers.

The members of the James Neill Company at the Seattle Theater celebrated last week the twenty-second anniversary of the actor's birth into the theatrical world by presenting him with a wedding cake, elaborately frosted and lighted with twenty-two colored wax candles.

Henry Miller is the latest reported lessee of the Madison Square Theater, New York, which has been closed since the Iroquois fire. Gossip has it that he will become an actor-manager and will open that house with a stock company and produce comedies. Mr. Miller opened a tentative engagement of "Joseph Entangled" at the Garrick last Monday.

Mrs. Langtry's new play, which she will shortly produce, is founded on an incident which actually happened while crossing the Atlantic. A married woman, accompanied by her husband, was "booked" as a spinster. She decided to keep up the joke, with results in the way of misunderstanding that may easily be imagined. The action takes place on the deck

Correction

Madame Caroline M. Severance wishes a correction made in regard to her article which appeared in the last issue of the Graphic of the date of the organization of the New England Women's Club of Boston, was February, 1868, not July, 1858, as a typographical error made it appear.

In the Musical World

Speak freely what you think.
3 Henry VI., iv. 1.

Shakespeare, "whose other name was Bacon" (this on the authority of George Jenial Denis, the Erudite), doubtless meant well. But the Musical Critic had surely not as yet come to pass, or Bacon, whose other name was Shakespeare, would have gone slow.

Not that the Musical Critic may not speak some truth. Of pleasant truths he may (nay, he must), indeed, speak largely and boldly, piling up the adjectives and laying on the colors with lavish exuberance. This is the getting-gay part, and the handsome salary which, happily, is always enjoyed by the Musical Critic, is usually drawn down for exceptional ability in the ice cream and cake style.

For the rest, the Musical Critic must hold his conscience lightly and say his prayers regularly—for he will have much to answer for.

He will oftentimes, for example, have to dissimulate. I remember a local critic once saying of a home celebrity whose singing was not all it might have been, "Madame Noname sang exactly as the Los Angeles public had a right to expect she would sing"—and everybody was satisfied, because everybody put his own construction upon it.

Or, the Musical Critic may be altogether silent upon the unpleasant side of things. But this is suspicious on the very face of it, and it is a plan which is never resorted to except in extreme cases.

If it should so be that none of these schemes precisely meet the case, there is still left the trump card—one may "play pretend," or, at a pinch, we may even lie cheerfully, knowing full well that a flattered friend is better a thousand times than a criticised enemy.

On the whole, however, the Musical Critic of this ilk scarcely works for musical righteousness, least of all for his own salvation. And, if only because of this, it is probably wiser to follow the latter-day method of putting the music column in the hands of persons unskilled in the art, so that they may, in their ignorance, say amiable things honestly.

Never forget that elementary harmony and general theory should invariably go hand in hand with every special study—vocal or instrumental. But do not think for an instant that this necessarily leads to composition, or that more than one student in a thousand can ever be a composer. Well-poised theoretical knowledge is of untold value in all phases of work; but the sources and resources of composition are so subtle and indefinable that mathematical formulas and codes of laws can do little more than mold a shapely skeleton.

Chiafferelli raised an interesting point in his recent letter, that of the bearing and idiosyncrasies of conductors—especially in regard to their effect upon the audience.

The Italian bandmaster asserted that Mr. Ellery told him that "in order to please the American public it was necessary to bluff them by the acrobatic motions of a comedian."

There is far more truth in this than we may quite care to acknowledge at first blush. Creatore, for example, begets by his antics((if one cares so tc

call them) the most prodigious effects in his hearers—partly by the antics themselves, but far more by the magnetic power which those very gestures exert upon his players.

It was ever thus, and that in all fields. It takes vitality to draw out vitality; and, while a soft-spoken baseball coach or a perfect gentleman of a mule-driver might be excellent ensamples of humans as they should be, I fear the results would hardly justify the lesson in the eyes of either the fans or the grading contractor.

In truth, a limp leader inevitably kills the passionate and the emotional—and, without emotion or passion, music is as empty as a drum, drum, drum.

Never trust a teacher who does not call on your intellect to govern your work at all times. The master who does not see to it that every practical move is under the absolute control of the intellect—actuated by conscious concentration—is laying up troubles that may prove ineradicable. Avoid him as you would avoid the plague.

"Composed by." Every year there is poured from the music publishers' hands an endless stream of so-called music bearing this simple fiction—"Composed by."

And who, think you, are the "composers" of the particular class of publication referred to? In by far the greater number of cases the claimants are mere dabblers in some branch of music, knowing absolutely nothing of even elementary theory—and caring less.

The trick is simplicity itself; and the recipe is herewith given in all good faith, so that every man may be his own "composer"—thus attaining unto the glory of a name on many title pages and, incidentally, whiling away pleasantly sundry hang-heavy hours.

Take a "pome" from some woman's magazine—if running over with morbid love-sickness, all the better. Seat yourself at the piano, and, with one finger pick out a "tune" to fit the syllables. Don't worry because your "tune" is as old as the everlasting hills—respect for age is a good sign. Add a "chorus" in waltz time, call in the arranger (Theodore Martens does first-class work in this line), put up a $5 bill—and there you are!

No, perhaps not quite there. Publication will cost something—anywhere from twenty to fifty dollars—but who cares for a little thing like that? "Oh, Millie, My Millie!" "Composed by Marmaduke Mud," shall burst into bloom in the music-dealers' windows, and your friends shall point you out upon the street as the latest thing in fame.

Never fail to appreciate that the crying evil of musical life is that students are everlastingly trying to do so much, and are supremely content to know so little.

It is pleasant to hear the Symphony Orchestra has at last caught the favoring breeze. But I would still more urge that the solid people of the community come out strongly and speedily in the subscription interest of this, the chief musical power for good of our young city.

One thing in particular should never be lost sight of, and that is that the visiting fliff-fluff musical comedies and the like will rarely fail to corral the floating dollar; but the bone of our bone (the local societies that stand for music in the true sense) cannot possibly subsist on any such fare. If they be not upheld by the subscriptions of the music-lovers of all phases of tastes the bone of our bone will go to the bone-mill, and that of a surety.

Haste you, then, to Mr. Behymer at the Mason Opera House, make good the fame of your city as one of the few orchestral centers of the country, and gladden the hearts of Mr. Hamilton and his band of faithful workers.

I take pleasure in again reminding prospective Associate Members (the subscribing hearers) that the first concert of the Ellis Club is fixed for Tuesday week, the 25th. This, so far as known, does not conflict with any other function of polite society; and I would suggest two things—the one, that the date be held in mind; the other, that the belated subscriptions be hurried to their destination through some one or other active member of the club.

A word, too, for the Los Angeles Choral Society and its Christmas "Messiah" performance under Mr. Jahn. The rehearsals are said to be going along finely at Birkel Hall, even while an additional soupcon of masculine flavor would add zest, and be gladly welcomed by the conductor.

I do not go to piano recitals if I can help it, because the piano does not appeal to me as a solo instrument. An indulgent lady, L. H. C., sends me the following notes:

"The event of the week was the recital given last Tuesday by Josef Hofmann, the world-famed Polish pianist. Years ago I heard this young artist in London, when, clad in velvet Fauntleroys, he was introduced by his proud papa and gave a prodigious performance. He was calm, sane and unemotional then; he is all these things and more, now that he has grown to manhood and arrived as one of the three foremost pianists of the world today. I have been told Josef Hofmann is a clever mechanic with a genius for intricate machinery, for the adjustment and perfection of motor 'cogs' or wheels or other gear. This exact, perfect, unyielding trait is ripely developed in his music. When something is perfect, there is nothing left to say; but there are moments when we weary of perfection and long for the human temperamental 'explosion. On Tuesday evening the first four numbers of his program—two of Scarlatti's vigorous finger exercises, a Mendelsohn fugue, and a Beethoven Sonata—were covertly and more or less successfuly yawned through. The second group, all of Chopin, proved more than expectation, as never was the Berceuse more exquisitely given, and the little Mazurka found an enthusiastic encore. For delicacy, enchantment of silky touch commend me to Mr. Josef Hofmann. Then he gave us the Leschetitsky number, while in one of his own compositions, 'Through the

Clouds,' he was absolutely delightful. Another recital, with a probably lighter and more attractive program, will be given by this famous young artist at the Simpson Auditorium on Saturday afternoon, when, it is to be hoped, a much larger audience will avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing Rubinstein's natural successor."

Never talk "shop" out of school. The moment your day's work is over be a man of the world, cosmopolitan, eclectic, keen for the relaxation and sports of other sane men. Bronze yourself with Nature: strengthen and freshen your mental and physical being in flood and field: hold in sturdy contempt affectation, oddity, long hair, and effeminacy: be a man amongst men, rather than a man amongst women: talk anything and everything but music: be anything and everything but the musician.

FREDERICK STEVENSON

Campanari is spending the last weeks of his vacation in the Adirondacks hunting deer. Campanari's concert tour as a star at the head of his own company will open in Worcester, Mass., on October 18

The well-known hymn beginning "Hold the fort for I am coming" was inspired by the celebrated message sent by General Sherman to the garrison of Allatoona Pass during the Civil War. The garrison was sore pressed but resolved to hold out on reading the flag-signalled message of the relieving general which ran, "Hold the fort for I am coming." Until a few years ago the soldier who signalled the message had possession of the famous flag, which is now in the possession of General Stewart, U. S. A.

The Freeze Conservatory of Music and School of Dramatic Art.

Voice, Piano, Accompanying, Violin, Guitar, Banjo, Mandolin, Orchestral and Band Instruments.

Elocution, Oratory, English Literature, Shakespeare. Dramatic Art, Fencing, Physical Culture and Languages.
This is the only school in the West having a fully equipped theater and an experienced actor as stage director.

Pupils prepared for Opera, Concert, Oratorio, Church and Stage.

624 West Tenth Street

Phone 5867. Los Angeles, Cal.

Charles E. Pemberton

VIOLIN INSTRUCTOR
HARMONY AND COUNTERPOINT.

Harmony Taught by Mail.

Classes or Individual Lessons. Studio: 306-7 Blanchard Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

William H. Mead

Teacher of the Flute and Director of Orchestral Societies

Flutist, Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra, five years.
Director, First Congregational Orchestra eight years.

Instructions Practical. Studio: 317 Blanchard Bldg., L. A.

Alice Coleman

PIANIST

Wednesdays and Saturdays Cumnock School of Expression 1500 Figueroa St., Los Angeles

Books and Bookishness

Here it is the middle of October and scarcely a notable work of fiction has been sent out by the publishers, unless we except Irving Bacheller's "Vergilius" and Gwendolen Overton's new book; nor will there be many additions of consequence to the list in October. The flood will begin in November and after that the deluge. A local author whose first novel was a flattering success, has just completed the manuscript of another story which several publishers have asked for. Bertha Smith's "Myths of the Yosemite" is getting some very good notices but it has not yet been my fortune to see the book. Miss Smith and her work have already been mentioned in another department of the Graphic.

"The Virginian."

Nearly a year ago the Argonaut asked many notable men to name "The book you have most enjoyed reading during the past year," or words to that effect. A few mentioned works heavy enough to drown a kitten with, but if my recollection serves me rightly, "The Virginian" pleased the largest number. A second and more careful reading of Mr. Wister's greatest success, confirms me in the belief that "The Virginian" is the nearest approach to being "the great American novel" that has been made so far. It is elemental, fascinating and aglow with life. Authors like Mr. Winston Churchill, in "The Crisis" and "The Crossing," paint on a broad canvas, but they reproduce rather than create. "The great American novel" is still in the future, which is fortunate; for it will be a sorry day for American fiction when we, the people, shall point to an American novel and say, "This is IT. There is no use going any further or trying any more." But let us hope there may be many close approaches; that American fiction will be able often to lift itself above the dead level of mediocrity, even though that level be eminently respectable.

Byron's Poetry.

The energetic and versatile T. Power O'Connor, not content with the success of "M. A. P." (Mainly About People) is publishing, and doing equally well with "T. P.'s Weekly," a periodical of comment and criticism which is largely devoted to literature. A brief essay on Byron by "John 'O London," is especially interesting features of one of the late numbers.

This author declares that Byron lives and will continue to live by the vigor of his writing, even though he is willing to submit to Carlyle's dictum that "no genuine productive thought was ever submitted by him to mankind." "Today," says "Jack 'O London," "I think we turn to Byron rather as a safety valve. It is good to blow off even one's futile revolts and casual pessimisms by reading him. Byron meets a thousand needs because in him we see the individual man in the height of intelligent and emotional action among the forces of life." Which is very well put. There is much that is bad in Byron's poetry but there is very little of his poetry that is bad. Judicious selection should establish the survival of the best for the

young and the inexperienced reader. Separate that splendid and immortal bit of verse, "The Song of the Greek Poet" from the Byron of misspent years, and there is little left to wish for, even though the Byronic pessimism here becomes a note of keen despair.

"Must we but weep for days more blest?
Must we but blush?—our fathers bled.
Earth! Render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylae!

"What! Silent still? And silent all?
Ah no! The voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, let one living head
But one, arise—we come! we come!
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

"In vain, in vain; strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes
And shed the blood of Scio's vine.
Hark! Rising to the ignoble call
How answers each bold bacchanal."

There are times when to read such verse is, to borrow "Jack 'O London's" simile, to turn to a safety valve. There are times in the life of every man when, face to face with his own soul, he casts off fear and conventionality and greed and selfishness and mounts the heights. For a time he wishes to be free to speak, to act, to do. The sacred flame rises within his breast. Then comes the awakening—the return to dull earth and to all the ties that bind men down to it and forbid them to rise. There have lived men who refused to be bound down. Victor Hugo in his "William Shakespeare," which is more Hugo than Shakespeare, creates and idealizes such a man in his apotheosis of "The Poet," the man who rises to his highest impulse, regardless of all else, and of whatever consequences. Had Hugo written nothing but that chapter it would have caused his name to be remembered.

Must we awaken only to contemplate the engulfing flood of seasonal fiction?

A Foolish Dictionary.

A conglomeration of silliness which conceals much horse sense, as words of wisdom emanate from the mouth of a fool.

For instance "Afterthought" is described as "A tardy sense of prudence which prompts one to shut his mouth about the time he has put his foot in it."

And here's another:

"Appendicitis: A modern pain costing about $200 more than the old-fashioned stomach-ache."

How do you like this one:

"Dabble: To play in water. Dabble in stocks—same thing."

There are also a few wise sayings; thus: "Two heads are better than one, especially in a barrel of money."

"Fortune knocks only once at a man's door—and she's the worst knocker in the world."

The author is said to be Gideon Wurdz, a foolish nom de plume, and the book is published by the Robinson, Luce Company, of Boston.

"The Veil of the Temple."

I must distinctly declare this to be one of the most tiresome novels I have glanced over in a ong time past, honestly confessing that I have not read the book carefully. I could not. The characters represent the fashionable and intellectual world of England, and the "romance" is enlivened (save the mark!) by discussions of matters of belief and of questions of the day. It is the discussion part which makes the book so deadly dull, and it seems impossible that the English people, even though the speakers "can easily be identified with leaders of thought and action in English society" will stand for it.

"The Veil of the Temple," by William Hurrell Mallock. Cloth, price $1.50. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons.

CHARLES V. BARTON.

LITERARY NOTES.

Charles Keeler, whose series of papers on home architecture, entitled "The Simple Home," have recently received such favorable notice, is to supplement them with a continuation to appear in Impressions Quarterly, (Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco.) The first paper, "Society," appears in the September number of the little magazine, to be followed by "Service" and "Labor." George Wharton James's paper on "William Keith" is published in the same number, as previously announced, and proves to be a character sketch of distinct interest. Appropriately the frontispiece to the magazine is a reproduction of Keith's painting "Upland Pastures."

Fox, Duffield & Co., New York, have just issued a new fall catalogue.

John Lane is preparing to issue shortly the correspondence of a later Pepys, 1758-1825, edited by Alice Gaussen. Sir William Pepys was the moving spirit in what Lord Macaulay said was intellectually the best society in Great Britain, and Dr. Johnson described him as "Prime Minister to the Queen of the Blues" (Mrs. Montagu.) Sir William also was the head of the "Lyttletonians," in the war amongst the wits against Dr. Johnson for his cruel attack in his "Lives of the Poets" on Lord Lyttleton. The volume will contain letters, hitherto unpublished, in the possession of Sir Walter Pepys. from Sir James Macdonald, the mysterious "Marcellus of Scotland," dead at 24, rated high by Hume, Adam Smith and Boswell, and leaving behind apparently no personal record other than this correspondence: from Mrs. Chapone, to whose advice Englishmen are indebted for the successful upbringing of their grandmothers; from Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, the society gossip and traveller, who attempted to meddle in the affairs of the unhappy Queen of Denmark and recorded the doings of Kings, princes, ministers and favorites. Sir Nathaniel himself said his letters to Sir William Pepys from foreign courts and describing his prosecution for libel by Count Woronyow would be worth preserving| The book will contain other correspondence pertaining to those times.

On Saturday, September 24, the following new books came from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.: "The Apology of Ayliffe," a New York society novel by Ellen Olney Kirk; a new volume of entertaining essays by Agnes Repplier, entitled. "Compromises;" "Where Does the Sky Begin?" by Washington Gladden; "The Rider of the Black Horse," a Revolutionary story for boys by Everett T. Tomlinson; "The Flower Princess," containing four stories for children by Abbie Farwell Brown: "The Third Century of Charades" by William Bellamy, and "The Riverside Graded Song Book for Elementary Schools," edited by William M. Lawrence.

Financial

Since our last weekly review New York Stocks have continued strong but irregular, a bull market has been in progress, although the majority of speculators are not convinced that prices are permanently on the up-swing. Perhaps this is natural as for a long time previous to the middle of last May the advices and newspaper comments had been of the most bearish character, and the public had become imbued with the idea that prices would be long in recovering, even if they did not continue to decline. As a matter of fact the low prices of four months ago were reached not because of any falling off in the intrinsic value of securities, but because of technical conditions in the stock market. The boom which we experienced from 1900 to 1902 was overdone. The industrials of the country were over-expanded, the flotation of securities was carried to excess, speculation was wilder than it had ever been before, and the reaction that took place was quite natural, and extended over a period of eighteen months, beginning with September of 1902, which resulted in carrying prices to a level far and away below what was warranted by actual conditions. The great financiers of the country saw an opportunity for accumulation, beginning with the spring of this year when the public were anxiously disposing of good securities, in many cases at less than panic prices. The "sturdy oaks" of Wall street were buying greedily in tremendous quantities. They bought them because they believed they were cheap, and because they had supreme confidence in their ultimate advance. How sound their judgment and how clear their foresight, is plainly shown by a glance over the present records of rising prices. All securities have not advanced, there are some laggards on the list. Stocks and bonds of many long established and well recognized corporations have failed as yet to attract attention, but one by one they will be brought forth, and receive their portion of increase. There is scarcely any limit to the grand possibilities of the next three or four years. Perhaps the key to the whole situation lies in the sound industrial and financial condition of this immensely rich country. Notwithstanding the curtailment in this year's wheat and corn crops, the prices are high, and farmers have more money than ever before, adding another and most essential factor to the cause of general prosperity. To be sure there will be recessions from time to time, and the patient and careful investor should be watchful and ready to conclude his investments at most profitable periods.

The principal active railroad stocks during the past week were Union Pacific, Canadian Pacific, New York Central, with a rise of about two points. Reading a gain of three points, St. Louis & San Francisco an advance of nearly five points. Rock Island with little or no change, Ontario & Western. Missouri Pacific, and Erie, all with advances varying from a fraction to over a point.

In industrials there were very large dealings. Steel preferred advanced three points, and Amalgamated Copper over four points.

Railroad earnings still continue one of the very strong features in the situation. Returns for the month reported by 32 roads show a gross increase of .93 per cent, and an increase in net of 1.2 per cent. It is not surprising under the circumstances that railroad securities should exhibit marked strength, considering that the railroads themselves are doing so remarkably well.

Offerings of money in connection with speculation in Sterling Exchange are a continually depressing factor on time money, and up to the present time rates remain very low.

The grain market has been quiet, with irregular tendencies. The monthly report by the Agricultural Department at Washington was construed as favorable to the general situation. Exports of wheat continue practically normal.

The cotton market is active and shade higher. Clearings compared with last year show practically no change.

Island with little or no change, Ontario & Western.

JOSEPH L. BALL CO.,

Stock Exchange, Ground Floor, H. W. Hellman Building.

OIL.

While general conditions in the oil trade are not at present encouraging for an immediate betterment there is a feeling of confidence that within a year a fair price will be paid for the commodity. And, indeed, the field conditions warrant this feeling, for whatever may have been reported as to an immense surplus of oil in the Kern river field—and this field, after all, is the determining factor in the price of oil on this coast—a close investigation discloses the fact that there is no appreciable surplus, except the eight or ten millions of barrels in the Standard Oil Company's tanks and reservoirs. Furthermore, the production in the Kern River field is declining to an extent incredible to those not familiar with the actual situation. Aside from the natural decline, many wells on sections four, five, and thirty-two have been entirely ruined by water. These are facts which cannot be questioned, and no success has yet been attained in shutting off the water from the flooded districts: and while many oil men interested in this field profess no alarm on this score the water is increasing rather than diminishing. The inevitable result is a shortage of oil in the not distant future and a consequent advance in price.

So much for actual field conditions.

As for the Standard Oil Company being responsible for the present slump, it may be said at once that the Standard Oil Company intends to become the marketing medium for California petroleum, and this result will ultimately be brought about. Nor need it be necessarily assumed that this will be detrimental to the trade in general. From observation of the Standard's past history it means a

HIGH-GRADE CLOTHING
FOR MEN and Boys
AGENTS "MANHATTAN" Full Dress SHIRTS
Sole Agents BROKAW BROS.
Astor Place—New York
HARRIS & FRANK (INC.)
119-125 North Spring Street

LOS ANGELES NATIONAL BANK

N. E. corner First and Spring streets

Capital, Surplus and Profits $800,000.00
Total Resources = = = = $4,800,000.00

W. C. PATTERSON, President — G. E. BITTINGER, Cashier

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Wilcox Bldg., Cor. Second and Spring

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Capital and Surplus – $1,250,000
Deposits – – – – – 6,000,000
Resources – – – – – 8,000,000

SPECIAL DEPARTMENT FOR WOMEN

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA SAVINGS BANK
Organized January 1883

Southeast Corner of Fourth and Spring Streets

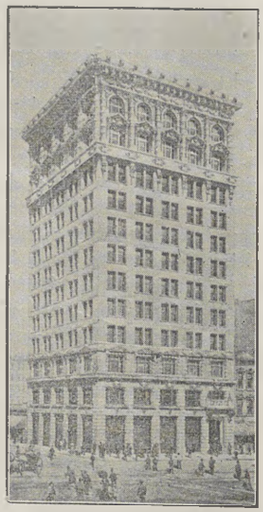
4% interest paid on term deposits

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent $2.00 per year up

We invite inspection of our vaults which are the finest west of Chicago

Officers and Directors—J. H. Braly, President; A. H. Braly, Vice-President; Chas. H. Toll, Cashier; W. D. Woolwine, Vice-President; J. H. Griffin, Sec; J. M. Elliott, H. Jevne, W. C. Patterson.

Open Saturday Evenings, 6:30 to 8:30



transition from unstable and fluctuating conditions to a steady and permanent state of affairs. During this period in which the Standard is getting in a position to absolutely control, some one will be squeezed. Such results are inevitable. Omitting the possible causes for the present depression, the history of the business shows that every field ever opened up suffered similarly, until the Standard Oil Company became "boss." After that it was simply the law of supply and demand that regulated the price, for even this gigantic concern is not large enough or strong enough to arbitrarily depress for any length of time the price of a staple commodity.

While, apparently, the Standard and the Associated Oil Co. are competitors in the oil business, there is little reason to doubt that ultimately the control of the latter will pass to the larger corporation, if it is not now in fact a part of it.

If there is any effort being made by the independent producers to avoid being finally "run" by these two corporations it is not visible to the naked eye In fact, most of the independent concerns are selling their product to one or the other. This is due to the inabilty of the independents to secure cars in which to make shipments and the advantage the larger concerns have in the way of freight rebates.

The above facts all concern the Kern River field, but this field, as stated, at present dominates the situation, as Kern River oil comes in competition with the product of every other field in the state, and establishes the price. B.

The defunct First National Bank of San Bernardino has declared a final dividend, making total dividends of $65.81 on each $100. The bank went down in the crash of 1894.

The Clearing House Association of Los Angeles has elected the following officers: J. E. Fishburn, President; W. C. Patterson, Vice President; John G. Mossin, Secretary and Manager. The clearings for the year ending September 30 were $332,715,240.35, a daily average of $1,090,869.64. The clearings showed a gain of $44,187,657.63 over the preceding year, when they were $288,527,582.72. As a comparison it may be stated that in 1900 the clearings were $113,766,378.02; in 1890, $31,019,721.80. In other words the business of Los Angeles has increased about eleven fold since 1890.

The Union Bank, originally a San Francisco institution, and now of Los Angeles, has filed a petition for a change of name to the British-American Trust & Savings Bank. The petition is signed by A. M. Chaffey as president, J. W. Swanwick as secretary, and these two and Rusk Harris, M. T. Chaffey and H. St. B. Swanwick as directors.

The Mercantile Trust and Savings Bank has incorporated, with a capital stock of $200,000, fully subscribed. The directors are: F. M. Douglass, Hollywood; I. B. Newton, W. Jarvis Barlow, E. Strasburg and J. H. Shankland of Los Angeles.

The Pacific Savings Bank has opened for business at 543 South Spring street. This is a corner in the new Arcade building which has been erected on the Spring street school lot.

George H. Hoover, President of the Bank of Hollywood, has returned from a European tour of four months.

U. S. Grant, Jr., of San Diego, has tendered his resignation as director of the Merchants' National and American National banks on account of the fact that he has been named as Presidential elector and the courts have decided that an officer or director of a national bank is a Federal officer and not eligible to the office.

BONDS

Sealed proposals for the purchase of $65,000 school bonds of Pasadena City School District will be received by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors up to 2 p. m., October 24. Said bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4 1-2 per cent per annum; said bonds to be 13 in number and of $5000 each. Bond No. 1 for $5000, payable October 24, 1906; No. 2, 1907, and so on, the last bond, No. 13, due October 24, 1918. A certified check for 3 per cent of bid, payable to Chairman of Board of Supervisors, required with bid.

Sealed proposals will be received for $4000 bonds of Howards School District, Los Angeles county, up to 2 p. m., October 24. Said bonds to be $500 each, bear 5 per cent interest and numbered 1 to 8, inclusive. Bond No. 1, for $500, due October 24, 1906; No. 2, $500, October 24, 1907, and so on, bond No. 8 payable October 24, 1913.

At an election held in Downey recently to vote bonds for $20,000, the proposition was defeated, and now plans are being made for a new building, but not so large, which it is hoped can be erected.

An election will be held in the town of Santa Susana October 29, at which will be submitted the question of issuing $650 in bonds to purchase school lots, build one or more school houses, insuring and supplying with furniture. Bonds will be $110 each and bear 6 per cent interest. Bond No. 1, for $110, to run one year; No. 2, to run two years, and so on.

South Pasadena has voted an issue of bonds of which $900 will be for repairs on Lincoln Park school, $350 for fire escapes on Center street school, $1400 to furnish seats for said school, blackboards and other fixtures.

The report of the committee at Santa Ana on the water system improvements is in favor of a bond issue for $100,000 for extension of system.

The Tempe pumping plant, Tempe, Ariz., held its annual meeting October 1, at which the question was discussed of proposed enlargement of the pumping station and bond present plant. It was decided that the directors find out how the plant could be bonded, at what time and for what amount. The present plant is just being put into operation.

Isaias W. Hellman, President — Charles Seyler, Cashier
J. A. Graves, Vice-President — Gustav Heimann, 1st Asst. Cashier
I. N. Van Nuys, Vice-President — John Alton, Asst. Cashier
T. E. Newlin, Vice-President

Farmers and Merchants National Bank

OF LOS ANGELES, CAL

Cor. Main and Commercial Streets

Largest Bank in Southern California

Capital, Paid up - -	$1,500,000.00
Surplus and Profits - - -	1,083,430.94
United States and other first class bonds	2,859,694.98
Cash on hand - $1,361,947.63	
Due from banks on call 2,285,223.72	
Total Available Cash - - -	3,589,062.95

LETTERS OF CREDIT ISSUED, AVAILABLE IN ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD

Special Safe Deposit Department and Storage Vaults

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK

H. W. Hellman Building, Spring and Fourth Streets

Capital and Surplus... $500,000.00 Resources Over..... $7,500,000.00

Largest Savings Bank in Southern California

4% Paid on Saving Accounts
On Certificates of Deposit
3% Paid on Ordinary Deposits

Interest from Date Compounded Semi-Annually.
Accounts opened from $1 up.

ESSENTIAL POINTS

TO BE CONSIDERED IN SELECTING A SAVINGS BANK—

Capital, Surplus, Resources, Conservative Management, Facilities and Safety

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

J. F. Sartori, Pres. Maurice S. Hellman, Vice-Pres. W. D. Longyear, Cash.
H. W. Hellman W. L. Graves Wm. H. Allen, Jr. Henderson Hayward
J. A. Graves T. E. Newlin J. H. Shankland Henry W. O'Melveny

MONEY LOANED ON REAL ESTATE OPEN SATURDAY EVENINGS

Special Department—Banking by Mail

HOME SAVINGS BANK

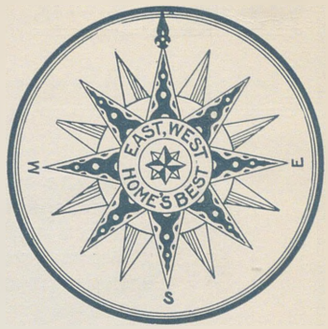
OF LOS ANGELES

152 North Spring St.
S. E. Corner Court St.

SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL
$200,000.00

Paid Up $100,000.00

Amounts may be opened and Deposits and Withdrawals made by Mail. Loans made on approved security. Interests paid on deposits.



Officers and Directors:

R. J. Waters, President — J. H. Bullard — Wm. Meek
W. F. Swayze, vice-president — Herbert J. Goudge — C. M. Staub
Isaac Springer, vice prest. — J. M. Hale — H. J. Whitley
O. J. Wigdal, Cashier — Reese Llewellyn

Chas. F. Rice ***R. M. Armour***

ARMOUR & RICE

Wines and Liquors

314 W. SEVENTH STREET

Phone Peter 4961 Los Angeles, Cal.

Our Business is to Make Folks Comfortable

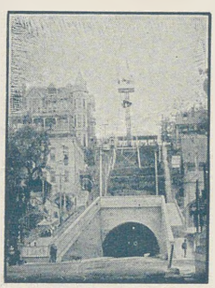
Try One of Our ***Morris Chairs $8***

with Reversible Cushions

Full Arm Easy Rockers, $2.50 and up.
Rattan Rockers, Big value, $4.50 and up
Soft Pillows and Good Bedding

Wheel Chairs sold or rented.

J. T. Martin
FURNITURE AND CARPET HOUSE
535-5-5 50 SPRING ST.



Have You Visited

The Angel's Flight?

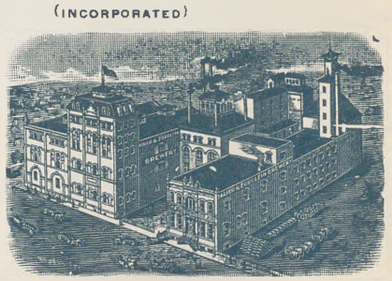
COR. THIRD AND HILL ST.

Most unique pleasure resort in the world. Pavillion, Park and Observation Tower. Fares 5c with liberal ticket reductions

JOSEPH MAIER, Pres. and Treas. — GEORGE ZOBELEIN, Vice-Pres. and Sec

MAIER & ZOBELEIN BREWERY
(INCORPORATED)

Home
Industry
Keeps
Money
At Home



444 Aliso St. TEL. M. 91 Los Angeles

Splendid Eating

Delightful Music

With the best from the brewers and wine-makers Served with taste in pleasant surroundings, entirely respectable and moderate price. This is the story of the

PALACE RESTAURANT

FIRST & SPRING Sts.

Schneider & Fieber Proprietors

The Tourist to Southern California Soon Learns That

THE PACIFIC ELECTRIC RAILWAY

Reaches all Points of Interest to the Sight Seer and Pleasure Hunter

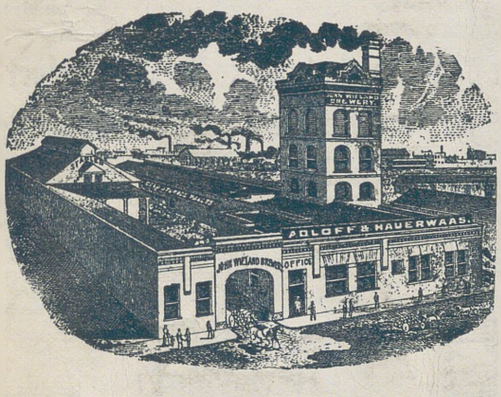
It climbs Mt. Lowe and spreads the panorama of the Valley and the Sea at his feet; it reaches to Long Beach and the Coast resorts where the charm of the Sea lures him; it invites him to the orange groves and vineyards and old Mission out toward Monrovia and Baldwin's Ranch and San Gabriel; to the fair uplands of Glendale and the harbor at San Pedro.

We have so many charming trips at your disposal, with such gracious service at small cost that we will be glad to tell you of them

The Pacific Electric Railway

All Cars Start From 6th and Main

Wieland Extra Pale Chicago Lohengrin Lager Beer



The Great Western Product
Awarded Medal Paris 1900

ADLOFF & HAUERWAAS, Sole Agents ***Phone Main 466***

It Will Not Do to wait!

Not Many Days Left

St. Louis Exposition

October 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 20, 26, 27

Round Trip $67.50

Choice of Many Routes

Southern Pacific

261 South Spring St.

The BEST ATTRACTION In SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Long Beach Via SALT LAKE ROUTE

Terminal Island Via SALT LAKE ROUTE

Catalina Via SALT LAKE ROUTE

The Finest Equipment and Roadbed in The West!

Information and Literature Furnished Gladly At City Ticket Office 250 S. Spring

Phones: Home 352, 490 Main 352, James 8951

Graphic is printed by C. S. Sprecher, 123 Temple St